With Our Readers

Following the "Red Thread"

New York City

For twenty-three years I have had to do with Mexico. My residence for more than twelve years was there. The article in your September 19 issue gives promise of being the best thing yet printed on this subject, which has been intentionally obscured. I am the more pleased because the vision of The Outlook has not always been entirely clear.

B. W. W.

Facts, Not Propaganda

Chicago, Illinois

In your issue of August 8 in an article by Mr. Silas Bent on Public Utilities and the Political Campaign appears this statement: "Representatives of Ginn and Company agreed to submit its textbooks for a visa." The dictionary defines visa as follows: "To examine and endorse," and this is the common acceptance of the term. Mr. Bent has, inadvertently no doubt, done us an injustice. No book of ours has been submitted at any time for visa.

This statement, I assume, was based upon the testimony of a representative of the utility company at a hearing of the Federal Trade Commission in Washington on June 11. He had discussed with me some time before material in our book which he contended was unfair. From his testimony I give the following reference to this discussion, which correctly defines our position whenever and wherever such question is raised: "They were anxious to have their books correct as to facts and details. They would be glad to submit such textbooks as bore upon our industry, reserving the right to publish only such material as they chose, of course."

The representative of the Chicago utility company first approached us three years ago. He conferred with the author of the book that he had questioned, but failed to convince him that his criticisms were valid, and no change was made in the book.

Early this year the author, preparing a revision of this book, sent to the same man the manuscript of his chapter on public utilities, just as he sent other portions of his manuscript to different individuals in the hope of obtaining constructive criticisms. Many changes were suggested by the utility representative. One sentence questioned was omitted. But since this sentence had been questioned by other readers, it would doubtless have been omitted had the utility representative never seen it. It would appear from the above that not only was the book viséd by the utility company, but that their influence was nil.

Our desire, in common with that of other reputable publishers, we suppose, is to have our text accord as nearly as possible with the facts, fairly and clearly stated. Our authors gather these facts from all available sources, our editors check everything with the greatest care, but since the responsibility of publication is ours, we alone must decide what shall be the contents of our books. We cannot and we do not submit to dictation from any outside authority whatsoever.

Henry H. Hilton,
Chairman, Executive
Committee of Ginn & Co.

An All-Around Pessimist

Omaha, Nebraska

Mr. Hoover's idea on prohibition is just the same as Mr. Coolidge's and really amounts to this: Take what money Congress appropriates for enforcement and do the best we can with it as far as it goes. That is what has been done and that is exactly what will be done by Mr. Hoover, and none knows it better than he. And that will mean the same old thing we have been having. Mr. Smith will do exactly the same thing so far as enforcing the law is concerned, to the best of the ability of his enforcement squad, with the money at hand to work with, which is as a drop in the bucket so far as real, efficient enforcement is concerned. In short, if Hoover is elected, we will have the same sort of government we would have if Coolidge had four more years. There won't be a bit of change one way or the other. Hoover can't do anything but veto any farm relief that looks like McNary-Haugen and the equalization fee. Right now neither Mr. Coolidge nor Mr. Hoover has any idea of how to bring relief to the agricultural situation that will be of help enough to be worth while.

C. F. Distelhurst.

The Sunday School Keeps Abreast

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have read with a great deal of interest and amusement the article by Marion Hurd McNeeley in the September 12 issue concerning a Sunday School. The writer indicates that her data was gathered merely from memories of the time when she was a pupil and from what her children tell her. Confessedly she has had no personal data concerning the modern church school ("Sunday school" is an antiquated term.)

She brings in the moth-eaten and rusty argument that money should be spent at home before being sent to foreign countries. Does she know of any church that is skimping itself on account of the money it is sending to promote peace and economic progress abroad? (By increasing the sale of soap, cloth and sewing machines.)

The article reveals the fact that the author has absolutely no conception of the modern program of religious education. It is laughable when she states that she would encourage the study of social problems, etc. Let her examine a few of the textbooks used in the various departments of the modern church school on Sunday and in the week-day and Daily Vacation Bible Schools and she will find that these subjects are rather thoroughly covered. She says that young people are bored by the story of Moses in the bulrushes. This story is not taught to any young people in the church school. Lessons on the application of religion to modern problems are given, including problems of social relations and the other subjects she suggests. There are, of course, in isolated sections of the country, "Sunday schools" that insist on using cheap free-lance literature and object to receiving suggestions and leadership from the denominational religious educational leaders.

The article states "Jesus broke the law by eating the shew bread which the church reserved for priests." This lady must have a very remarkable Bible that gives such information. Such an edition of the Bible would be worth a

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great deal of money. The lady evidently is not only ignorant concerning the modern religious educational programs in effect in all the principal Protestant denominations but she also cannot quote scripture correctly.

ELBERT M. CONOVER.
Chairman, Board of Church Schools,
New Jersey Conference,
Methodist Episcopal Church.

▶▶*Thank You!*

Lincoln, Nebraska

I have been receiving The Outlook for the past six or seven weeks, and I want you to know that I am delighted with its sane, fair and liberal views on public affairs. I find your articles well written, interesting and informative. There certainly ought to be a broad field in this country for a magazine conducted along the lines being followed by The Outlook, and I wish you success in continuing to fill it so ably.

I. C. WHITTEN.

▶▶*Will of the Minority*

Toledo, Ohio

No reasonable person can possibly object to the orderly repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; similarly, the same reasonable person should oppose its emasculation by a minority.

In a recent editorial you seem to intimate that a reversion to State prohibition, or possibly, to local option, will cure the evils we presently suffer. If so, have not both been tried and proven failures? At the time that Georgia voted itself "bone-dry" I was a resident of that State. Within an hour after the law became effective, the liquor interest, which had removed to near-by cities in Florida, Tennessee and Alabama, had agents canvassing all communities, urban and rural, in Georgia, for the sale of beer, wines and liquors to be sent to the purchasers by express. Georgia, overwhelmingly dry, could not be so because it had no power to prevent the delivery of intoxicants within its borders by interstate express from "wet" territory. In other words the will of the majority within the State was flouted by the minority both within and without it.

As time passed, conditions there grew worse and in seeking an effectual remedy, none presented itself other than a nationwide prohibition which was finally brought about by the Eighteenth Amendment. The chief responsibility for that piece of legislation rests entirely upon the liquor interests. By "liquor interests" is meant the ex-saloon keepers, the brewers, the distillers and their followers, none of which ever were, are, or will be observers of any law, State or national. Stimulated by their past successes in evading all law and supported by a minority who mistakenly think their wealth renders them competent to correctly define "personal liberty," they have pursued, in a different manner, their inherent disregard of law until we have reached a public state bordering on anarchy.

A. J. SPENCER.

▶▶*Flood Tide in Canada*

Wichita, Kansas

I notice you have sent a man to Canada to bring back a report on the Canadian system of handling liquor. I take it from this you are in hearty accord with Mr. Smith's idea that the Canadian system is a great success. Here is a little evidence from Canada on the subject. J. G. Hurst, a writer of the Toronto Globe, published in Canada's second largest city says as follows:

> The statements made by two Canadians of some standing at the Williamstown Institute of Politics on August 10 as to the liquor-traffic situation in Canada should not pass unchallenged. Sir Herbert Ames and Prof. Charles R. Fay "both testified to the success of the Canadian liquor-control system." If by success they mean increased manufacture, increased facilities for the people to secure liquor, increased sales, increased consumption, increased drunkenness, then what they said is true. But if by success they mean decreasing consumption and drunkenness, if they mean a reduction in bootlegging, blind-piggers and law-breaking, their testimony is false. We need not go far afield to secure ample evidence to prove that government control (so called) in Canada is a failure.

Here is another one by an editor in the Toronto "Star":

> The William Schupp has arrived in Toronto harbor from England with 60,000 cases of liquor on board. A flood of alcohol continues to pour into Canada. During the fiscal year which ended last March, the Dominion's importations of alcoholic beverages reached a value of nearly 46 million dollars, as compared with 19 million dollars in 1925. Together with home production, the latest total would be close to 100 million dollars per annum.
>
> When politicians complain of Canada's increasing imports they seldom mention the fact that one of the largest increases has been in intoxicants. Alcoholic beverages which climbed to sixth highest place among the Dominion's imports in 1927 advanced to third in the fiscal year 1928, passing automobile parts, raw sugar and crude petroleum, and being exceeded in value by only machinery and coal. The bulk of the liquor imported is "hard."
>
> When will the flood abate? It was attributed a year ago to certain provinces "stocking up" with liquor for government sale. But apparently the "stocking up" is to be a continued process.

This is direct from Canada, not anybody's opinion who has been sent over in Canada to get an opinion. I respectfully request that you publish these articles.

C. O. CHANDLER.

▶▶*Now We Know:*

San Mateo, California

I think The Outlook is:

1. For Al Smith
2. Wet
3. If not actually on the staff, is leaning strongly toward the Church of Rome.

H. L. HOOVER.

▶▶*For Tolerance and Temperance*

Nebraska City, Nebraska

That this letter may mean something, I wish to state that I am not a Catholic, neither am I a devout wet, but I believe in tolerance and some different solution to the liquor problem. I am sure that you shall not lose for your candid expressions, and your honest convictions stated. The questions before us today are being hypocritically discussed and treated by so many of our journalists today.

CHARLES M. REDMAN.
The Redman-Maytag Company.

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TO READERS of The Independent as well as of The Outlook we hope that the advantages of combining the two journals into one will be obvious, after a perusal of this first issue of The Outlook and Independent.

A MODERN magazine, of course, is much more than merely a certain number of pages of text and illustrations. It is first of all the product of the combined efforts of many men and women, from both an intellectual and a business standpoint. Thought, discussion and reflection are involved in the genesis of every page, whether it be on the part of a contributor, editor or printer.

ONCE this is accomplished the measure of a journal's value to its readers is determined, to a large extent, by the number of its subscribers. For, after the plates for each page are cast in the foundry and placed upon the press the number of copies that can be printed is limited only by the size of the press and the time at the printers' disposal. So that, generally speaking, the larger the number of subscribers who want a certain type of magazine, the more inexpensively each single copy can be manufactured and the better each number can be made from an editorial standpoint. Since less money is required per copy for manufacture, more money can be spent in editorial research and presentation.

IN THE case of The Outlook and The Independent a combination of the two afforded an opportunity to take full advantage of both of these factors. As a result, the readers of both magazines combined are enabled to receive a journal better from both an editorial and a manufacturing standpoint than the readers of either were getting before.

BECAUSE of the similarity of purpose that already existed, as well as the likemindedness of the men and women involved, the editors of both papers welcome the opportunity of working together in the thoroughly congenial task of producing one independent liberal weekly in which they can both honestly believe and be proud of editing—one that will not only carry the best traditions of the past into the present but will, in addition, make its own vigorous interpretation of life today.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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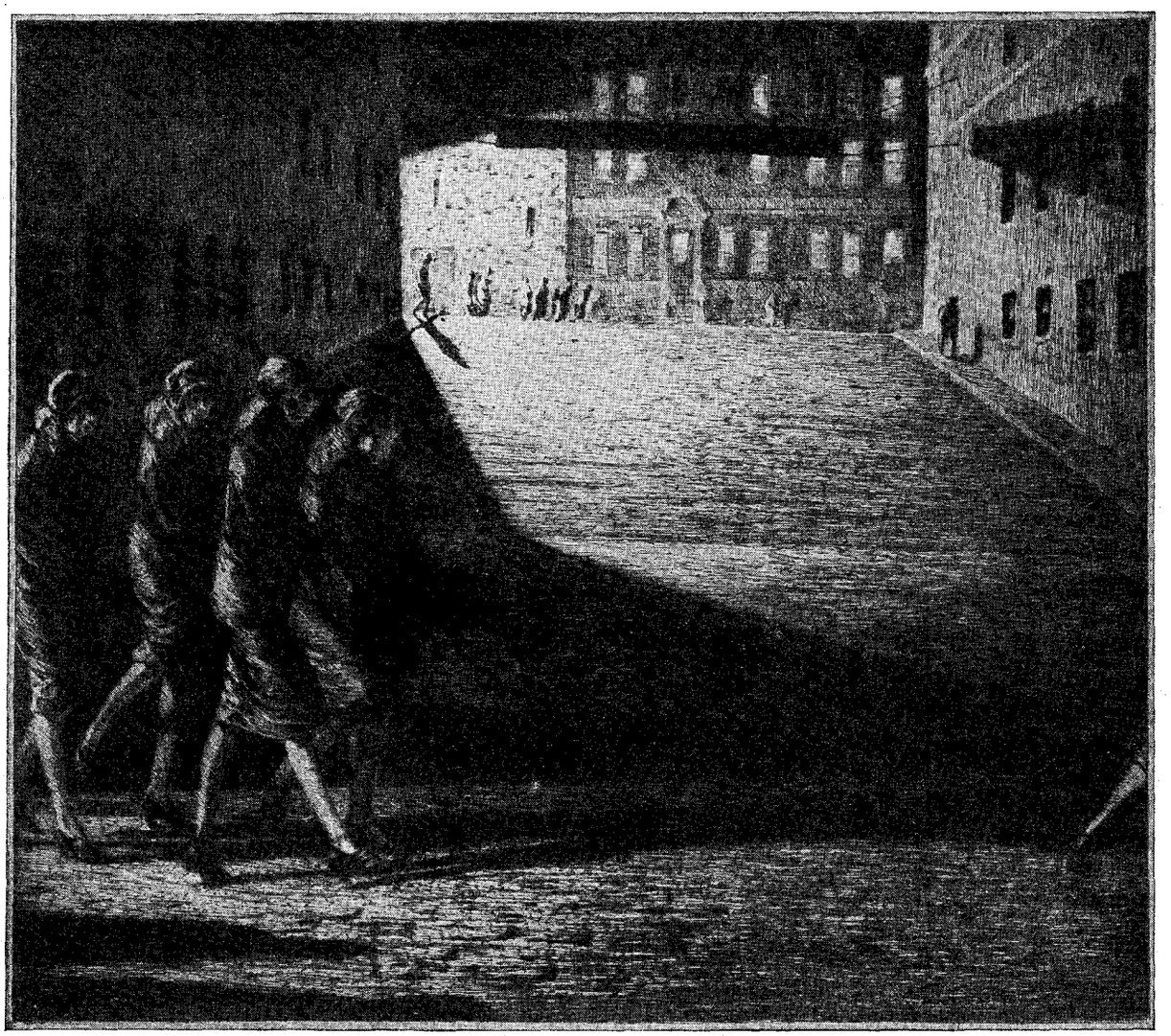

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

SHADOW ON THE RAMP
Etching by Martin Lewis

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Outlook
and Independent
October 24, 1928

Mrs. Willebrandt

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

The chief enforcement officer of prohibition is also the most conspicuous politician that equal suffrage has so far produced. During recent weeks her figure has assumed proportions only surpassed by the man she is supporting and the man she is assailing. Mrs. Willebrandt has, in fact, become a "molder of opinion" and as such becomes a candidate for our portrait gallery.

THE famous line about the female of the species has never, probably, received such hearty and even profane endorsement as it has been having lately in the inner councils of the Republican National Committee. A number of the gentlemen in Washington who are conducting Mr. Hoover's campaign for the Presidency can hardly repress their irritation over the activities of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who has been calling on embattled Methodists and Presbyterians to rise up and defeat Governor Smith.

What annoys the Republicans most is that they cannot make up their minds whether this political female is more deadly to the Democrats than the common run of campaign orators, or whether it is her own cause that she is poisoning; and since they cannot decide, the lady's very efficient tongue lashes merrily on. But most of them agree, though not for publication, that Mrs. Willebrandt is harder to control, less predictable, and generally more troublesome and exasperating than all their male workers combined; that she is the unknown quantity in the campaign, and that they wish she were at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

Her appeals to sectarian feeling have become the chief newspaper issue of the election. That is not the same as saying they are the real issue, but they are issue enough to give her fellow Republicans the epizootics. Nobody else would have dared to call so boldly on any church, Catholic or Protestant, to go out and grasp the secular government. And the reaction of the American public to such grasping is still in doubt; if the American public reacts to it at all, which is even more in doubt.

"It is not abandoning your non-partisan policy of not discussing politics to take a stand against the Democratic nominee and for the Republican National ticket this year. In fact, there is no choice."

Thus the Assistant Attorney General last month, before a conference of Methodist ministers at Springfield, Ohio.

"The Republican party platform and both its candidates are committed to the principle and the enforcement of prohibition. Whereas the governor of New York, with characteristic Tammany ruthlessness, repudiated the dry plank in his party's platform. . . . The enforcement of this act must be in the hands of those who believe in it —wish it to succeed—and that means the hands of Hoover.

"Go back to your pulpits and preach that message. Rouse your communities. The issue is bigger than party lines. There are 2,000 pastors here. You have in your churches more than 600,000 members of the Methodist Church in Ohio alone. That is enough to swing the election."

As was to have been expected, this speech was greeted with a blast of editorial indignation from the Democratic side. Less looked for, perhaps, was the outcry which went up from pained Republicans in the wet and doubtful East. Loyal Hoover journals in New York groaned that the lady was evidently trying to deliver that crucial State to Smith. Local Republican clubs passed resolutions disowning her; even in Wisconsin, several hundred miles nearer the scene of Mrs. Willebrandt's eloquence, a G. O. P. State committeeman wrote an almost tearful letter to Chicago headquarters, entreating that she be called home and shut up. Meanwhile she continued to sound the call to arms. She spoke at the annual shore dinner of a Presbyterian men's club in Warren, Ohio, and at the Northeast Ohio Conference of Methodists in Lorain, in the same rousing terms she had addressed to the Springfield gathering. Far from being repudiated by the chiefs of her party, she succeeded, after a brief tussle, in obtaining recognition from Western Republican headquarters as an official speaker of the campaign. She has canceled, or been restrained from, only two of her speaking dates since hostilities began; one in Indianapolis, and one in White Plains, New York, where she had rashly proposed to fling down the glove thirty miles from New York City.

As EVERYBODY knows, Mrs. Willebrandt conducts prohibition prosecutions under the Federal Government. In other words she is head of a division in the Department of Justice, where

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she has charge also of tax cases, except customs, and Federal prisons. She was appointed to this post in 1921, for the statesmanlike reason that President Wilson had had a woman Assistant Attorney General from California, so President Harding and his friends thought they had better have one, too. Senator Hiram Johnson is supposed to have sponsored her; at any rate, she got the job in competition with two other lady lawyers.

MABEL WALKER came into the world thirty-nine years ago, in a one-room sod hut near Woodsdale, in southwestern Kansas. There is a story, which I cannot vouch for, that shortly before her birth her uncle was murdered by a drunken mob. But the real cause of her dryness, I have no doubt, was the air of the midwestern prairies, which produces prohibitionists as naturally as the plains of Montana breed white-faced cattle and Al Smith Democrats.

Her father, David Walker, was variously a printer, farmer and teacher —her mother was a teacher, too—but above all they were wanderers, and Mabel spent her childhood trekking about the small towns of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. When she was seventeen the family were living in Michigan, and Mabel "helped out" by teaching in a rural school. At twenty-one she married Alfred Willebrandt, also a teacher. He was threatened with tuberculosis, and they moved to Arizona, where the indefatigable young woman cared for her husband, did the housework, and put herself through normal school. Then they moved to California.

She went into the law almost by accident. Teaching school again, in the suburbs of Los Angeles, she was appalled by the dullness of civics textbooks, and to a person of her energy what more natural than to write one herself? To acquire the necessary law background she entered the University of Southern California. She stayed there two years, passed her bar examinations and was asked to become Assistant Public Defender in Los Angeles. The post paid nothing, but she taught school mornings and appeared in the police courts afternoons. People were soon talking about the snap and forcefulness of the lady defender; and Mrs. Willebrandt hung out her shingle as attorney-at-law. The teaching which still meant her only sure subsistence was now relegated to night school, as she still kept the post of defender to erring sisters. She barred divorce and criminal cases from her private practice. By 1918 she was holding important committee jobs in the Los Angeles bar association, and was not unknown in State politics, where she was welcome as a willing and potent spell-binder for Republican office-seekers.

Sometime during these strenuous years Mr. Willebrandt faded from the picture. Owing to Mrs. Willebrandt's reticence, he remained a mystery until the news leaked out last month that the pair had been divorced, sans publicity, in Los Angeles four years ago, after having been separated since 1916.

The present political prominence of the Assistant Attorney General, her chairmanship of the Credentials Committee at the Republican National Convention last June; such things are exceptional enough in one of her sex to arouse curiosity. It is well known that while politicians love to have the ladies vote for them, they also expect them to go home from the polls and mind their knitting until the next November. How, then, did Mrs. Willebrandt do it?

The answer is: On her own. The uneasy recognition which is her's she has won all herself, with an exceptionally shrewd legal brain, great energy and force of character. The last is not an endearing trait to those who feel its edge, and she has not hesitated to make herself unpopular in her own party. Her zeal for prohibition enforcement has caused fluent cursing in high places, and her career has been one long poem of ruction raising.

NO ONE would suspect it from her appearance, which is disarming. Her most attractive pictures look the most like her, and they fail conspicuously to convey something she undoubtedly has. Her square jawbones—and ask any physiognomist what that feature means —photograph badly, and her propensity for getting unbecoming hats does not help matters. But in her physical presence these things are lost in the effect of very large blue eyes, full lips and fresh skin. There is no midwestern harshness in her voice.

Her hair is drawn away from her forehead in loose waves and fastened simply at the back of her neck. She has been criticized by unfriendly writers for her want of rouge; when I saw her last month, either she had taken a hint from these critics, or the defect had been remedied by nature. One of her favorite costumes this fall has been a sport suit of black and white weave, with a white vest and white boutonnière. But there are observers to whom the unfailing tailored restraint of her dress seems a little unnecessary.

She is thirty-nine, and people who have known her a long time say that seven tough years in Washington have told on her appearance. They say that when she came to the capital at the astonishingly tender age—for an Assistant Attorney General—of thirty-one, she knocked it for the proverbial loop. However, she still has enough charm as a female person to win the personal liking of hostile correspondents and the ardent devotion of the young lawyers on her staff. She is said to be an excellent companion on a party, and to have a social gift of repartee. This is not surprising, as she has often routed investigating Senators and other exalted opponents with a twist of her tongue.

HER OFFICE is a big room with many windows at the top of the Department of Justice building, and she sits in the centre, at a formidable desk stacked with papers. Her home is shared with two other government ladies, Dr. Louise Stanley, chief of the Bureau of Home Economics, and Annabel Matthews, a lawyer in the office of the Solicitor of Internal Revenue. She has a little adopted daughter of five, who has recently made the flattering request that her name be changed from Dorothy to Mabel Walker Willebrandt, junior.

Mrs. Willebrandt has denied repeatedly that she is a fanatic on the subject of prohibition, in support of which she cites the fact that she drank a few cocktails prior to July 1, 1919. But in the main her record refutes her.

For instance, she was the real author of the famous Daugherty ship ruling, which in 1922 barred liquor from American vessels, consistently enough, and also attempted to deny foreign ships the right of entry into American waters with liquor on board, even in sealed sea stores. When the outraged steamship lines went to the United States Supreme Court, Mrs. Willebrandt defended the ruling before that body. The Government's brief was signed by several in the Department of Justice beside herself, but she admits writing it.

She said of the prohibition movement, "It was essentially a moral crusade under religious leadership, frankly intended to save the people from a habit believed to be the chief cause of crime, poverty and misery. It took no account of property rights and allowed no room for difference of opinion. . . .

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"The Eighteenth Amendment committed the nation unalterably to the policy of suppressing with all its power the drinking of liquor for pleasure, refreshment or from habit in every place to which the jurisdiction of the United States extended. Throughout the jurisdiction drinking as a 'legalized social custom' was to perish under the iron heel of the law."

The promulgation of the Willebrandt decree had thrown the other branches of the Government into a fever. Secretary Mellon had ordered a sort of stay; State Department officials had worried about the violation of commercial treaties and the possibility of reprisals; international harmony had suffered a note of discord. All this Mrs. Willebrandt swept aside.

"Our waters and our ports belong to us, not to the ship. . . . When she uses them she must obey our laws or take the consequences. We could refuse to allow her to come."

Passing lightly over the diplomatic aspects of such a step, she proceeded: "That it (enforcement of the Volstead Act) may cause loss is evident. That it may offend friends beyond the seas is regrettable. The difficulties, however, are probably greater in imagination than they will prove in reality."

In the end, as all ocean travelers know, American ships were duly Volsteadized, and foreign vessels were permitted to keep their liquor in American waters, under seal.

Affronting foreign powers is one thing; flouting domestic politicians is quite another. Mrs. Willebrandt stopped at neither. In July, 1924, she had a tiff with the Law Enforcement League of Philadelphia. It was hot weather in Washington; the League's criticism had been unjust, and she replied with a "personal" letter to the president, Joseph M. Steele, in which she let off some steam about law enforcement conditions. She informed him there were nine or ten United States attorneys "whom, if I had the power, I would summarily remove, because of their inactivity of political evasiveness in enforcing prohibition statutes."

"I have in no uncertain terms," she went on, "called these instances to the attention of the person who is delegated to act. (Another Assistant Attorney General.) In most cases I have been met with the information that a Senator or a political situation prevented any chance. Until, therefore, the President, who alone can remove or discipline a United States attorney, sees fit to do so" —and so forth, adding that to criticize publicly would mean "short-circuiting my influence in important cases."

The next day political common sense reasserted itself, and she wired to remind the League that she had not intended her letter for publication. She denied that she had made charges against the Pennsylvania Senators; against anybody at all. Nothing more happened for a month or two, until the Law Enforcement League was having another squabble with Washington, this time over Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler, hero of one of the Philadelphia clean-ups. A League official wired President Coolidge threatening to publish dire revelations "from a high government source"—Mrs. Willebrandt—if General Butler was removed. Samuel Untermeyer got wind of the matter and spread it all on the front pages, together with charges of a "nation-wide scandal" in prohibition enforcement.

Normally the lady Assistant Attorney General, though a lady, would have been soundly whacked. But it was only two months before the election. So less than a week after the publication of her letter, Attorney General Stone announced that he had called for the resignation of ten United States attorneys. As far as I could discover no one has ever learned their names.

This was not all. Toward Christmas time the prosecution of a big bootleg case was in full cry in Weehawken, New Jersey. Mrs. Willebrandt informed the Federal District Attorney there, Mr. Walter G. Winne, with plenty of publicity, that she wanted Assistant United States Attorney Van Riper to keep his hands off the prosecution.

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT
Drawn by E. J. Fry

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Both the Federal attorneys were proteges of Senator Edge, a wet Republican. There was a great running to and fro between Newark and Washington. There were conferences attended by the injured attorneys, their patron and Mrs. Willebrandt; there were statements promising "a full investigation" from Attorney General Stone. The bright morning of New Year's Day found Mr. Van Riper out of his job; and Mrs. Willebrandt cut another notch in her gun. No official reason was given for his dismissal, but it was generally understood to have been based on the well-founded complaints of New Jersey drys.

During these troublous times, however, outward harmony prevailed in Government circles. Mrs. Willebrandt was assured, via the public prints, that she could have all the co-operation she wanted in getting rid of shut-eye enforcement officers. That this was in good faith, at least partly, was attested by further carnage among the United States attorneys.

She had already done her own part toward a restoration of amity by ignoring the impertinent questions of political opponents during the fall campaign. The La Follette organization had suggested that Mrs. Willebrandt might come forward and clear up certain points, such as: a. Why President Coolidge had pardoned a big Chicago saloon-keeper, who was then a fugitive from justice, at the instance of Senator McKinley of Illinois; b. Why none of the defendants in the Pittsburgh brewers case had ever been brought to trial; and c. Why this case had been transferred out of her hands to more lenient ones in the Treasury Department, against her protest and by request of Secretary Mellon. But if Mrs. Willebrandt is more a prohibitionist than anything else, in the last analysis she is more a Republican than a prohibitionist.

It has long been believed that she would like to be the first woman Federal judge. Shortly after the disturbances I have related, there seemed a likelihood of her attaining her ambition. There was a vacancy in a California judicial district, three thousand dusty miles from Washington, and many not disinterested persons were feverishly urging Mrs. Willebrandt for the post. There are several rumored explanations of why she was passed over. She was from Southern California and the vacancy was in the northern district. No one who knows California can doubt that this was a valid objection; no one who knows politics can believe it was the real one. Then there was some grumbling among admirers of the pure soul of American womanhood, who did not want to see a woman run off with a good job. Finally, President Coolidge is said to have been opposed because of the inevitability of a row in the Senate over her confirmation. And that was that.

People often wonder how a lady with her zeal for civic righteousness could have been in such *rapport* with Harry M. Daugherty. In September, 1924, she wrote to a subordinate in Cincinnati, ordering him to nolle prosse three of the counts against George Remus, the famous bootlegger and wife-killer, who was one of the biggest fish that ever landed in her net, and who was then serving a brief sentence in Atlanta. "We feel," she said, "that adequate punishment has been done." For years Mrs. Willebrandt has been directing her efforts toward securing longer jail sentences for more prohibition offenders. This mood came upon her soon after Mr. Remus had recanted a big slice of testimony against Mr. Daugherty.

In a speech about this time she proclaimed that not only would Daugherty be cleared some day, but his praises would be sung. She was a witness for him through long Senate hearings, in which her testimony was a miraculous compound of feminine innocence and quick, lawyerlike evasions. The notorious Jesse Smith, who acted as Daugherty's go-between in his shadier transactions, she supposed was "a kind of a glorified personal servant."

"Did you not think that it was unusual that a valet should attend functions at the White House?" asked Senator Wheeler.

Mrs. Willebrandt: I will not pass upon that.

Senator Wheeler: You do not think it is customary for a half servant or glorified valet to take trips on the *Mayflower* with the President of the United States?

Mrs. Willebrandt: I know less about the customs of Washington than you. I cannot get by an ordinary tea and know that I have everybody properly in line.

Senator Wheeler: Well, you do fairly well whenever I have seen you.

There is no evidence of anything sinister in this vehement partisanship. Mrs. Willebrandt was not a confidant of the Ohio gang. But she is a strong-willed woman, and Mr. Daugherty was good to her. He let her have her way, relied on her judgment and backed up her decisions when this did not interfere with something more important.

As the reader will recall, she was one of those who came out very early for the candidacy of Mr. Hoover, at a time when the wise-acres were saying his nomination was impossible. Here again she ignored the whispers of caution, and followed her own nose. Although she was never, of course, in the inner circle of Hoover supporters with people like Moses and Work, she did him cavalier service in the second rank. In sessions of the National Committee her quickness and knowledge of the law wrote delegation after Hoover delegation on the temporary roll of the convention, against vain cries of "Steamroller!" from less happy delegations. She is one of the cleverest lawyers of either sex in politics. With the ways greased for Hoover, her selection as chairman of the Credentials Committee was a matter of course.

At best, however, politicians resent the presence of women in what they regard as their game, and a strong-headed woman is worse, especially when she has a proved capacity for getting her own way. If Mrs. Willebrandt doesn't get her way she raises a row. Other methods failing, she has been known to ride over legal obstacles, or at least to attempt it, with an astoundingly high hand. In 1926 a judge in western Pennsylvania quashed the indictments against twelve defendants in a liquor case, giving as his reason the fact that a high government official had been guilty of gross indiscretions before the Grand Jury. Mrs. Willebrandt had written one of her "personal" letters to the foreman, telling him how much she wanted him to find an indictment in this case. The same year she had a painful session with the House Committee on Appropriations over the plans for the new Federal reformatory for women, for which she had increased her estimate by half a million dollars over the previous year. One of the early sets of figures was an item of $15,000 for a superintendent's house; she now announced that she had let the contracts for $36,485! In New York, Federal Judge Thacher said her system of padlocking property in advance of trial was "shocking." When she is justifying

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Moscow, Mexico — and Morrow

The Sixth Article in "The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze"

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

ON NOVEMBER 18, 1926, the press of Mexico City published a dispatch from Washington to the effect that the Government of the United States could not permit Mexican Communism to build a barrier between the United States and the Panama Canal through interference in Nicaragua's internal affairs.

In reply to correspondents of the press, Obregon gave out the following statement:

"This is pure professional jealousy on the part of the United States. She has been accustomed to foment uprisings and revolutions in the countries of Central America and naturally does not wish to see this profitable trade slipping away from her."

As concerns the spreading of Communism, Obregon said: "That, perhaps, is a matter of opinion. The United States is often charged with spreading her imperialism just as Mexico is now charged with spreading her ideas. I hope the ideas of Mexico will spread to other countries, as she is taking the lead in to uplift the masses and benefits to millions, not a few Wall Street magnates."

Let us see how Mexican Communists are spreading their ideas.

On January 12, 1927, Secretary of State Kellogg, under the caption, "Bolshevik aims and policies in Mexico and Latin America," stated to the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee:

"The Bolshevik leaders have had very definite ideas with respect to the rôle which Mexico and Latin America are to play in the general program of world revolution.

"They have set up as one of their fundamental tasks the destruction of what they term American Imperialism as a necessary prerequisite to the successful development of the international revolutionary movement of the New World——Thus Latin America and Mexico are conceived as a base for activity against the United States."

Then follows a complete exposition of the origin, mechanism and accomplishments of the insidious attack of the Reds upon the United States.

Russian Communists have for years repeatedly instructed and urged the Communists of the United States to concentrate attention and energy on the struggle against American imperialism in Latin America; to weld every individual national effort in a general movement which must embrace all Latin American workers and the revolutionary forces of the United States; to appeal to the toilers of Latin America in the name of the Trade Union Educational League of the United States, in order to create a united front against American imperialism; and, above all, to appoint an earnest group of party workers to

Underwood

EMILIO PORTES GIL

Third in the Obregon-Calles-Gil succession who follows the late General Obregon as President-Elect of Mexico

participate in the current work in Latin America in agreement with the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International Communists of the United States, under the pressure of Moscow, placed special emphasis on anti-imperialistic work and organized "as a most important step to enter the field of practical co-operation with the oppressed peoples of American imperialism," the now successful All-American Anti-Imperialistic League, disguised as a non-partisan organization open to all groups willing to take up the fight against imperialism. It pretends "to give driving force and centralized expression to the national liberation movements in Latin America in alliance with the (Communistic) movement of the United States."

Although the headquarters of the League are officially established in Chicago, the Special Secretariat established in Mexico City does the main work. It has a monthly Spanish language organ, "El Libertador," the expenses of which, as well as those of the Secretariat, are largely defrayed by American Communists.

If there could be any doubt about the rôle of the Mexican Communists in the campaign against the United States, it would be absolutely removed by the resolution passed by the Central Executive Committee of the Workers' (Communist) Party at Chicago on November 12, 1926, which reads in part:

"Recent months have furnished striking evidence of the widespread movement for Latin American unity against Wall Street. We cite particularly the present attitude of the Calles Government in Mexico, its general Latin Americanism, its policy in Central America, its tendency toward co-operation with All Latin America Anti-Imperialistic League, and the decision of President Calles to send a personal representative to the Brussels World Conference against imperialism."

Comrade Chicherin reported to the Union Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government, just after the resumption of diplomatic relations between Mexico and Russia:

"But at this time we have succeeded in re-establishing diplomatic relations, which give us a political base in the New Continent with the neighbor of the United States, Mexico. The Mexican Government is based on the right trade unions and the radical small *bourgeoisie*. The Soviet Republic is extraordinarily popular in Mexico—— *Mexico gives us thus a very convenient base in America for the development of our further ties.*"

Mexico, the base of Communism in this Hemisphere, receives Russian instructions directly from Moscow through diplomatic and secret agencies, and indirectly through the Communists of the United States. These instructions, adapted to the Spanish-American temperament, are launched southward

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by the Mexican machinery, which is complicated and expensive.

It comprehends an open organization to promote good will, sympathy and imitation of Mexican radicalism; and another hidden one to plant Communistic "cells," to organize trade unions and to promote strikes, boycotts, mutinies, riots and, whenever possible, civil war.

The open organization acts through the Department of Foreign Affairs, with its embassies, legations and consulates as channels for circulation of unscrutinized propaganda. Then comes the Department of Commerce, Industry and Labor, assisted by the C.R.O.M., which is to do the real work by means of mass manipulators. There follows the Department of Education which is to provide the scientific and artistic background to catch the imagination of Latin Americans. All other departments are in the position of auxiliaries.

Let us see the machinery work, in a concrete case, that of Guatemala: To begin with, the Mexican Legation was elevated to the rank of Embassy, and a writer and popular orator of Mexican Communism was appointed Ambassador. All Central American papers published the writings of the Mexican Ambassador, whose social graces and literary work conquered the Guatemalans. Besides, the Mexican Government provides, unofficially, the news service "Ariel," subsidizes several periodicals, and issues in Mexico City an impressive Mexico-Central American Magazine.

The crown of this diplomatic work consists of gifts of schools, libraries, scientific laboratories, wireless stations and airplanes; invitations and facilities to tour Mexico, interchange of professors and students, art exhibitions, theatrical performances, banquets and conferences. Having thus prepared a fertile field and enriched it with sympathy and admiration, it remains only to plant the seeds of radicalism and to bring them to fruition.

The diplomatic staff of the Mexican Embassy takes care of the Guatemalan Government officials and converts them to the belief that radical laws must prove the salvation of Guatemala and are her only sure protection against the imperialism of the United States. The plan has been so successful that most of the radical laws of Mexico have been enacted in Guatemala.

The hidden organization operates through the open one by the appointment of "Labor Attachés" to the Embassy and to every consulate or agency. These "Labor Attachés" are in every sense one of the "earnest groups" advocated by the Russian Communists, and have done very efficient work. Communistic "cells" have been planted within every political, social and trade group; many radical trade unions have been organized, in Mexican style; all kind of disturbances have been promoted, and policies have been originated that may prove conducive to civil or foreign war.

In every Central American nation the same procedure has been applied, thus keeping the five small republics in a state of constant agitation internally and in some cases externally. The Nicaraguan revolution and subsequent armed intervention by the United States is a good example of what the Mexican Radicals have done and are doing in Central America. True, the Nicaraguan outburst is being restrained, though not extinguished, by American marines; but the cause remains untouched and strengthened by Washington's diplomacy, at Mexico City.

The radiation of the Mexican Communist working centre in Mexico, after establishing its first outpost in Central America, is being confronted with a vigorous resistance in South America, which may prove as impassable a barrier as those built around Russia by the Powers of the Old World. For the time being, the nations south of Panama are under the most insidious of attacks, and unless their people awake to the danger, the Communists will reproduce their Mexican victory.

In the United States few people realize that there is not a single South American nation which has not increased its population and wealth by leaps and bounds and notably raised its intellectual and moral standards from the beginning of this century. The fact is that if conditions continue normal for some time, "there will be," as Dr. James Brown Scott has remarked, "two New Worlds in the Western Continent instead of one, and the Southern World may not be the lesser."

Into these prosperous and progressive countries, ripened by experience and eager to confirm and enlarge their achievements, Communism is being instilled. The Mexican Communistic machinery, by means of the All American Anti-Imperialistic League and its subsidiaries, is promoting strikes, conspiracies, mutinies, and rebellions.

Such a task, directly undertaken, would be entirely impossible because of the conservative tendencies and strong common sense of the South Americans; but the propagandists, being mass-manipulators by profession, are furthering their ends by indirect methods. They appeal to the generous feelings and to the passions of the people, and promote opposition to established governments and institutions in the name of outworn shibboleths—"Liberty," "Democracy," "Equality," "Fraternity,"—which on the lips of the Communists have a sinister meaning.

Such propaganda is achieving success among women, students, and petty politicians—people in the twilight zone between learning and ignorance who have lost the balance of simple common sense without having acquired the maturity of actual experience or scientific knowledge.

Venezuela is at present the main target of Communism, because, the Communists believe, she is the easiest prey and the point of least resistance. This belief is based on the similarity of her achievements with those of Mexico under Diaz, so easily destroyed under the Communist attack.

The Communist campaign against President Juan Vicente Gomez is using the same weapons as those used against Diaz. "Cells" have been planted; a current of Red literature is finding its way into Venezuela; wild rumors can be heard everywhere. Mexican Communists are not permitted to enter Venezuela; but they enter, nevertheless, with passports issued in Central America.

Meanwhile, the Mexican machinery helps from the outside by spreading news to the effect that a civil war in Venezuela is imminent and that there is a possibility not only of a change of government, but of the secession of part of her territory in order to create a new republic; that the "coterie" of President Gomez is divided into two factions, one of them advocating the establishment of a constitutional government, and the other a hereditary dictatorship which may be converted into a monarchy with President Gomez's son as king.

The seeds are yielding fruits. There have been disorders and rebellions at Caracas. The students of the University started a mutiny which was quickly suppressed by the government. A little later a detachment of troops revolted, but were subdued and punished.

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In Colombia Communist activities have forced the government to use the army in order to keep maritime traffic uninterrupted, and laws against Communist propaganda are being discussed by the Congress.

In Chile many plots, at the bottom of which Communist influences can be discerned, have caused President Ibañez to take drastic measures. In Ecuador President Ayora has to use all his strength and popularity to overcome the many destructive tendencies which, if left alive, would throw the country in turmoil. In Bolivia, Communist propaganda among the Indians has been uncovered. In Argentina a Communist campaign of violence is causing terror.

The worst feature of the Communist infiltration is that all its movements are disguised as to appear purely political. To unmask its true meaning is becoming the task of loyal citizens all the continent over. An energetic campaign is urgent, because the deception has been accomplished in so masterly a manner that even in the United States it has not yet been exposed. For a long time powerful organizations in this country were used as a shield and tool for Communism. In no other way can the following facts be interpreted:

On November, 1918, at a meeting of the Pan American Labor Conference, which took place at Laredo, Texas, Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, made this statement:

"The invitation to participate in this conference is the result of years of work of the American Federation of Labor to assist the Mexican people. It had its beginning when there was a revolutionary element among the working people of Mexico against Porfirio Diaz, and we supported every effort made by the Mexican workers and the Mexican people for the overthrow of Diaz.

"When the Mexican revolutionists found their way into the United States, it was organized American Labor that protested against the Government giving up to Diaz the men, the Mexican revolutionists, who were in the United States . . .

"We were with the movement of Madero so that the people, the working people, might have the opportunity for free development. It was the American Labor movement that helped to destroy and overthrow the assassin Huerta. And it was the American Federation of Labor, when Mexico and the United States were at the point of war, that stepped in and did everything within its power to prevent a conflict between the two countries."

Among the Mexican revolutionaries whose extradition was prevented by organized American Labor, according to Gompers's statement, were Ricardo Flores Magon and Antonio Villarreal. The first, afterwards President of the Organizing Committee of the Mexican Liberal Party, a branch of the I. W. W., was later accused, tried and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for his activities against the United States during the World War. He died in the Penitentiary at Leavenworth and his body was claimed by Obregon, sent to Mexico City, where it was received with official honors. Antonio Villarreal was also arrested and released under bail, which he jumped, going to Mexico City to become Secretary of Agriculture in Obregon's Cabinet.

Underwood

MR. KELLOGG

Inheritor, as Secretary of State, of a troublesome problem below the Rio Grande, he early discovered a red thread in the Mexican Maze.

It was not until after the death of Gompers that the American Federation of Labor modified its attitude toward the Mexican radical régime, if not to the extent of repudiation, at least to the point of discrimination.

Very recently Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor and acting President of the National Civic Federation, favored an investigation of Communist activities in the United States. There is no doubt that through the proposed investigation the character, affiliations, and activities of the Mexican Communists will be thoroughly exposed.

But there are in the United States many other societies, groups, and individuals who continue to be unconscious tools of Communism.

In promoting and furthering their Mexican schemes, the Communists have succeeded in dividing public opinion in the United States until chaos prevails.

The mass-manipulators realize that it would be impossible for their "ideals" to exist if fully exposed by discussion; for Communism, like all other delusions, needs confusion as a condition of existence. So they have devised a complicated maze of opposing interests, passions, sectarian conflicts, jealousy, intolerance, rivalry, and hatred. They play each of these forces against the others and keep them clashing over details, while the principal issue remains untouched and the movement thrives.

To some of the people of the United States, the issue with Mexico is protection of American properties against confiscation, while to others it is protection of Mexican rights against American imperialism. To certain religionists it is a case of liberating the Mexican people from the domination of the Roman Catholic Church, while to others the question is to preserve religious liberty from the tyranny of the State. Some hold it is a matter of interpretation of the law, while to others the issue is purely mercantile, or agrarian, or educational, or sentimental . . . . and one has even declared that it requires a poet to understand and solve the problem.

The pandemonium resulting from these clashes renders public opinion ineffective, misleads those in authority and allows the Government at Washington to continue its erroneous policy, which day by day increases the complexity of the problem to the point that a possible untoward event might bring disaster. The reader may judge by the following facts:

A few weeks ago an American visitor asked his Mexican chauffeur at Mexico City: "Who is the ruler of Mexico?"

"Mr. Morrow," was the matter of fact answer.

When such beliefs are found among the masses of the people, as a rule unconcerned, they are deeply rooted among those who take an interest in public affairs. The slightest investigation shows that the prevailing opinion among Mexicans is to the effect that

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A Woman Voter Thinks

By MILDRED ADAMS

"WHAT," asked the editor, "does this presidential election really mean to the intelligent women of this country?"

The presidential election is the great quadrennial circus of America. For years and years the men had all the fun. They played clowns and acrobats, they rigged the tent and sold the tickets, ran the con games and ballyhooed for the freaks, straddled an elephant and a moose and made the donkey jump through hoops.

But this year, after two trial appearances, the women are part of the show, and according to the courteous rival ringmasters, a vastly important part. There are women in all kinds of minor jobs, and in a few important ones, though no one yet has encouraged them to try out as star performers. They help to put up the tent, they run errands very well, they harangue the populace and lure in the crowd. A few skillful ones have been set to taming tigers, and one or two are even putting on acrobatic convictions.

To others it is a way of demonstrating the still debated propositions that women have brains and that they are fit to be trusted with the great gift of political equality which was conferred on them eight years ago. They enroll in parties from a sense of duty, and they argue causes with a heavy feeling of personal responsibility. Their ballot is a symbol, and they mark it with a self-conscious earnestness which is not at all dashed by the knowledge that the moment it is dropped into the box it has the same importance as the ballot of an illiterate who puts crosses where the boss told him to.

BUT what of all the rest? What of those of us who neither fold campaign literature nor confer with Cabinet members, who do not ring the doorbells of a precinct nor open country estates to party clambakes, who neither answer telephone inquiries nor pull unseen wires, who have no part in the circus acts of their own, in corners of the tent. Mostly they work behind the scenes, and glow with pride over statements that without their hard and unseen work the band would be minus its uniforms, the elephant thirsty, and the show unable to go on.

For women who are politically minded, the election means, in a lesser degree, as many things as it does for men, and perhaps a few more. A temporary job, a chance to ride on the band wagon, a social distinction, a means of advancement, a recognition of ability, a mark of merit in the community, an opportunity to serve the husband, the ward boss, the party, the country. To some of them, because they are novices and still in a student frame of mind, it means a chance to see the raw material of civics and political science, to observe under working conditions the machinery by which a democracy chooses its highest officers. Then there are those who see in the election means of self-expression, of putting into concrete form their personal view rather than of casting a vote for the favorite.

WHAT does it matter to me, a woman of ordinary intelligence old enough to vote, who lives in that pillared house on Pennsylvania Avenue? A President is some one seen in the roto section Sunday after Sunday, dedicating monuments, cutting pies, shaking hands with Indians, Boy Scouts, and aviators, wearing our various provincial costumes from war bonnets to plus fours. Some one about whom one murmurs a distressed "Does he always have to look like that?" Some one to make mighty pronouncements for the mangling pen of the headline writer. Some one to be pulled and hauled into the semblance of a hero by the practiced hands of Washington correspondents. Some one to be guarded by Secret Service men, to choose summer vacation spots, to go to church, to ride or golf or fish, to represent the country to itself and to the world.

But if he represents the country he represents me, for I am part of the country. And that is where the catch comes. If he represents me, then as a matter of personal pride if for no other reason I must help in choosing him.

Theoretically, the President is the free choice of a free people. Therefore the Democrats collect a campaign fund of three million dollars to persuade me and my fellow free citizens that of our own free will we wish to vote for the Democratic candidate. The Republicans collect at least another three million to persuade us that of our own free will we prefer to select the Republican candidate. Then there are the other parties, and altogether it will cost close to thirteen million dollars to make up what we choose to call our minds.

THE COST of it is not the only element that causes wonder. I realize that when I cast my vote for Mr. Smith or Mr. Hoover or Mr. Thomas I am not merely expressing my personal choice in this year's models in Presidents. I am endorsing a party, which is a collection of some millions of people. I am approving a set of principles embodied in a platform so vague, it is true, that it might mean almost anything. I am selecting a course of action for the Government. I cannot say "I would like Muscle Shoals handled thus, and Nicaragua treated so." If I vote for Mr. Smith I automatically endorse a new Nicaraguan policy, and if I vote for Mr. Hoover I agree that Coolidge has been a great President.

Mr. Hoover makes it still more difficult by intoning, "Every woman has a right to ask whether her life, her home, her man's job, her hopes, her happiness will be better assured by the continuance of the Republican Party in power."

Try as I will, I cannot figure out the slightest connection between life, home, job (with Mr. Hoover's permission, it's *my* job), hopes, happiness, and either of the two parties.

The whole machinery of election is so involved with candidates, issues, parties, platforms, past performance and future promise, bands and badges and felt elephants, billboards and radios and full page ads, that I am staggered at the responsibility laid upon me. Then they tell me that I should act as a reasoning human being, weigh issues, decide as to the merit of past performances, read the party platforms and the acceptance speeches, and make up my mind which offers the best future plan for the country's future.

An intelligent vote, they say, is what the country needs. It may get one, out of all the millions of votes cast, if there is in this country a person of such superb intelligence and magnificent leisure as to be able to weigh all the issues, the records of men and parties, the position of the United States in the world today, and its wisest course, the personalities, the promises and the

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Contest of Personalities

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

PERSONS count for more, policies for less, in our Presidential campaigns, than in the national elections of any European people. As long ago as the first Lincoln campaign, James Russell Lowell wrote in one of his essays: "As our party creeds are commonly represented less by ideas than by persons (who are assumed, without too close a scrutiny, to be the exponents of certain ideas) our politics become personal and narrow to a degree never paralleled, unless in ancient Athens or mediæval Florence. Our Congress debates and our newspapers discuss, sometimes for day after day, not questions of national interest, not what is wise or right, but what the Honorable Lafayette Skreemer said on the stump, or bad whiskey said for him, half a dozen years ago."

In the present campaign the contest has become more and more a rivalry of personality. Issues run across party lines—as slavery did in the years of which Lowell wrote—but the character, temperament, fitness of each candidate has become more and more the direct or indirect object of debate.. It is becoming more and more clear that the question for debate has been not what are you voting for but whom.

To get a picture of each candidate from newspaper comment means to fit together small fragments of comment and hint into a kind of mosaic. I cannot by this means pretend to make a portrait of either that would be accepted as a true likeness by both sides, but I can try to sketch some of the features of each as they have been drawn not by cartoonists, but by editorial writers.

Naturally Alfred E. Smith comes first. He has what is called "a personality," and yet of the two he has been the less known nationally. When the campaign began the editorial newssense, which in this case was curiosity mixed with a sense of the dramatic, made him easily the more attractive model for the portraitists. Herbert Hoover was then in the background; but since then he has been emerging. Now it is Herbert Hoover whose features are the more fully drawn.

Here then are the two candidates as friends and foes present them in the columns of the daily press:

Smith has personal magnetism; he has more personality than either of the two preceding Democratic candidates. Indeed he is comparable in this respect to Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. He is a colorful and interesting figure.

He has been, uniformly, against odds, a vote-getter.

In the rough and tumble of politics he has preserved his integrity.

He has proved his ability as an executive to lead in procuring legislation.

He is a friend of women and children, liberal, progressive, humane.

He is an expert campaigner.

In dealing with opponents he is fearless and good-humored, in dealing with facts he is fearless and candid.

By use of simple language, well ordered, he makes his views, even on complicated questions, clear to the multitude.

Though a vigorous critic, he is essentially affirmative.

He is in control of his own political course; even party managers find him stubborn.

At the same time he keeps in friendly contact with others.

He appeals to youth—even university undergraduates.

And his worth is attested by such a friendship as Franklin Roosevelt's.

But—Governor Smith does not know the country at large, and is uninformed about some of its major problems: the Northwest, foreign affairs.

He too often acts on hearsay, and, sometimes without knowledge, speaks intolerantly and attacks his opponent unfairly.

He has been childish in his resentment of inevitable gossip, and has not maintained the dignity the people want of a President.

Personally honest, he comes of a Tammany environment and praises the Tammany organization.

He is a slick politician.

He gets applause and leads the mob, like Bryan and Roosevelt, but lacks their fervor.

In his demands on his friends (example, Franklin Roosevelt) he is callous.

And he has been forced to the defensive.

A caricature? Partly no doubt; but it is matched by this:

Hoover is a "stupid, fat capon."

Personally honest, he was in the Cabinet responsible for the oil and other scandals.

He has been studiously evasive.

Perhaps he is too high and mighty, or perhaps too sensitive for the hurly-burly of politics.

He has had no political training.

He has let his managers manage him.

He has allowed prejudice full swing.

His speeches are essays.

He has become a personality in eclipse.

He is an adding machine, and essentially a Puritan, showing no sign of imaginative political leadership.

But—Mr. Hoover knows the country; he has had a national experience.

More—an international experience.

He has had extraordinary executive training, and has served on every national emergency board.

He does not bluster or boast, but does his work effectively and quickly. (Example, his method of ending foreign monopolies in rubber and quinine.)

His fame is world-wide—witness his string of academic degrees.

He is strong, decisive—even at times withstanding his campaign managers—and is not moved by clamor.

He is humane—the world's almoner in the war.

He has been almost quixotically loyal to Coolidge the conservative, but he himself is of liberal mind, and is an original thinker.

When he speaks, he speaks to command attention.

Youth follows him. (Proof, the poll of the colleges.)

He is a good sport—takes abuse without whining, and does not return slander for slander.

Though not by profession a politician, he has proved himself adroit.

He has built up a following of strong attachment to him.

He owes no allegiance except that to the inner light he follows.

Such, as the last month of the campaign begins, are the editorial portraits I have found of the two men who are themselves the issues.

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The World This Week

It Looks Like a Big Vote

VOTERS in various sections of the country have been registering in unprecedented numbers. If the theory, expounded by Mr. O'Higgins in Outlook and Independent last week, is correct—that what drives people to the polls is their emotion rather than their intelligence—the voters of this country are apparently exceptionally stirred up by the prospect of the coming election. In Baltimore there was an unusual rush to register. In Philadelphia the enrollment mounted higher than ever before. In St. Louis the registration was likewise record-breaking, the registration of men exceeding that of four years ago by thirty per cent and the registration of women by seventy per cent. San Francisco had the largest registration in its history and so did Pittsburgh. In Detroit the increase did not keep pace with the increase of population but the registration has not yet been completed. The increase in Chicago was about thirty per cent. In New York the registration places have been scenes of long queues of men and women waiting to put down their names, day after day showing figures fifty per cent greater than corresponding days in 1924.

Everywhere, women especially are registering in larger proportion than ever before. In some places this is interpreted as promising a large vote for Hoover. But in some places—as for instance in St. Louis—Catholic women have, it is said, "poured out as never before," in apparent opposition to the anti-Catholic and anti-Smith propaganda.

Only one result of this great registration can be foreseen with certainty—a huge vote in November.

Hoover on Power Control

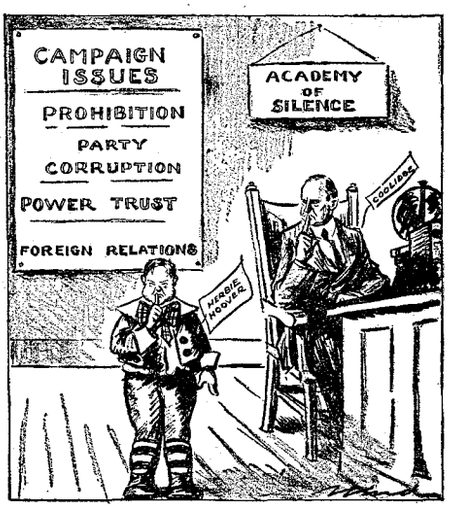
BY HIS SPEECH at Elizabethton, Tennessee, Mr. Hoover put himself in the spotlight so far as the central South was concerned. This was due in particular to what he said then, and what he said afterward by way of amplification in an interview on power control.

"I do not favor," said he in his speech, "any general extension of the Federal Government into the operation of business in competition with its citizens . . . Democracy, however, must be master in its own house . . . It has demonstrated that by the power of regulation it can prevent abuse . . . There are local instances where the Government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose such as improvement in navigation, flood control, scientific research, or National defense, but they do not vitiate the general policy to which we should adhere."

Asked by the editor of the Knoxville "News-Sentinel" whether his latter statement expressing approval of Government entering the business field in certain instances applied to Muscle Shoals, Mr. Hoover replied: "You may say that means Muscle Shoals." Later still he explained that Muscle Shoals was developed for the major purposes of "navigation, research, and National defense;" that the Administration had recommended that it be used for the development of fertilizer; and that there would be left a "by-product of surplus power." In this case the Government not only owns the site but also the plants.

Since then the New York "World" and the Scripps-Howard newspapers (one of which is the "News-Sentinel") have engaged in a debate as to how far this commits Mr. Hoover to Government operation. It seems clear that Mr. Hoover is in favor of Government operation of the Muscle Shoals plants and the disposition of the surplus power for private distribution. This declaration is not in accord with the attitude of President Coolidge.

Tennessee and Alabama are tremendously interested in Muscle Shoals, Georgia hardly less so, and the other Southern States in very considerable measure. Though opposed to Government in business, they have come to believe that the Federal Government is the only agency through which Muscle Shoals can be successfully operated. But Alabama is the home of one of the largest of the hydro-electric power companies, and Tennessee has within its borders almost one fifth of the potential water power of the country. Mr. Hoover's Muscle Shoals policy as stated has thus made a favorable impression; but his general policy is calculated to avoid the raising of undue alarm on the part of private capital concerning the threat of Government competition.



Weed in the New York Evening World.

The Star Pupil

In general Mr. Hoover's speech at Elizabethton, where he received a great ovation, was quite as much like that of a President as that of a Presidential candidate. He explicitly said he wished the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment to succeed, he clarified somewhat his proposal for the financing of a Federal Farm Board by saying that it was not that of "subsidy or fee or tax upon the farmer;" he said that Federal appointees "must deserve the respect and confidence" of the communities to which they are assigned (from which it is inferred he had in mind the feeling about Negro appointments in the South), and he paid tribute to the initiative of Main Street as well as Broadway.

Smith on Hoover

GOVERNOR SMITH came into Tennessee with a copy of Mr. Hoover's speech in his pocket. He took it out at Nashville:

"I believed and had the right to expect that, speaking in Tennessee, a State to be greatly benefited by public operation and control of Muscle Shoals, he would say something upon the subject that would give the American people an understanding of his attitude. To my great surprise he did not even mention Muscle Shoals, but contended himself with the following general observation:

" 'There are local instances where the Government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose, such as improvement in navigation, flood control, scientific research or national defense.'

"I do not know what he can mean by 'by-product' unless it is the generation of hydro-electric energy.

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Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

"We"

"In another part of the speech he said that violations of public interest by individuals or corporations should not induce us to abandon progressive principles and substitute in their place deadly and destructive doctrines.

"I would like to know what Mr. Hoover means by 'deadly and destructive doctrines.' Does he refer to Government ownership and control of water power sites? If so, why not say it? What is to be gained by clothing it in language that the man on the street is unable to understand?

"Is public ownership and public development of water power deadly? Is it a destructive doctrine? If so, why not let Mr. Hoover come out and say, 'I believe in leasing or in selling or in disposing of, to private corporations for private development and for private profit, the great water power resources that belong to all the people'?

"That would define the issue. But why evade it? Why conceal it behind a wall of high-sounding phrases that leave in the minds of so many thousands of our people the element of doubt as to his exact position on this issue?

"Mr Hoover found that his reference to this problem was considered to be so vague and ambiguous that he subsequently felt obliged to issue two statements regarding Muscle Shoals and, if anything at all happened, his position became more involved than ever.

"I have clearly defined my attitude. It will be found in my speech of acceptance.

"So far as Muscle Shoals is concerned, I said in my speech at Denver that I believe that the Government should continue the full and complete development of that plant, retaining it under Government ownership, operation and control. While it is true that it was a war measure and its purpose was to produce nitrates for explosives, the by-product of electrical energy can be used to promote industry and give cheap and reasonable rates for home, small store and farm consumption."

The Nashville speech suggests that the Democrat will, in the remaining days of the campaign, increasingly try to turn it into a political debate, as has been his practice in State campaigns. The prospect of drawing Mr. Hoover into one, however, is not overly hopeful.

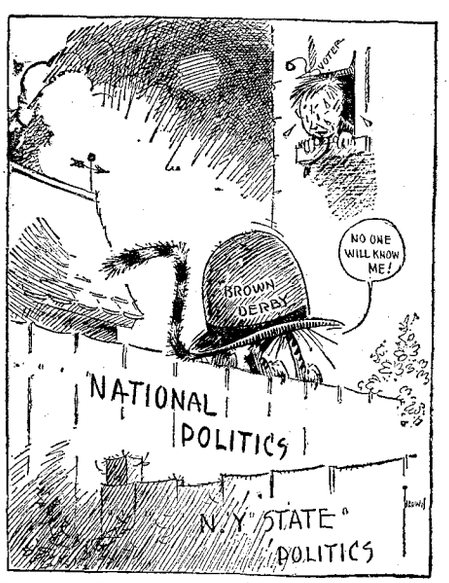
▸▸*Senator Borah in Action*

SENATOR BORAH, while he supports Herbert Hoover, remains a free lance. He has notified the Republican National Committee that he is not opposing any of those rebels against the G. O. P. who are known as Progressives, such as La Follette, Howell, Frazier, and even the Farmer-Laborite Shipstead. Then as a free lance he has sallied forth from the Republican stronghold and has cast his shafts at the Democratic champion.

He has been making his fight in the Northwest. He has not been content with such tributes to Mr. Hoover as he started out with. On the contrary he has been carrying the fight into the enemy's camp. In response to the remarks of Governor Smith about Mr. Hoover's membership in the Cabinet of which the ill-reputed Fall was a member, Mr. Borah was not content to defend Mr. Hoover's integrity, but took the offensive by saying: "It is stooping beneath the ordinary tactics of campaigning to attack a man for the acts of another for whom he had no responsibility whatever." He also attacked as misrepresentation what Democratic campaigners have said about Mr. Hoover and the price of wheat during the War. He cited official records to show that it was Hoover who, in spite of opposition in President Wilson's Cabinet, prevented foreign Governments from beating down the price of the wheat crop. Mr. Borah attacked Governor Smith's proposal to refer the farm problem to a commission by declaring: "In the Senate . . . whenever we want to get rid of anything we refer it to a commission and that's the last we hear of it." As for prohibition, Mr. Borah dealt with Governor Smith's promise to enforce it by asking, "How can we think that the Governor will be any more in favor of enforcing the prohibition law if he is elected President than he is as Governor of New York?"

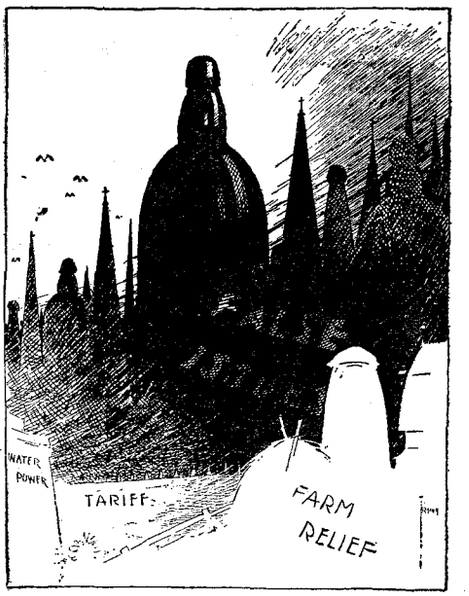
Senator Borah has also been telling the farmers of the Northwest what Mr. Hoover's agricultural plans would mean to them in cutting down the waste between farm and market. He has also explained that Mr Hoover's plans include control of farm surpluses without an assessment on the farmers themselves. It is reported that Mr. Borah's speeches have had a marked effect upon Western farm sentiment, perhaps halting some of the drift to Smith lately reported from rural citadels.

It is intimated that if Mr. Hoover is elected, Mr. Borah, now Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, may be made Secretary of State. That may be estimated as a threatening cloud or a rainbow of promise.



Brown in The Pawtucket Times.

New York's Own Puzzle



Brown in the New York Herald Tribune.

The New Skyline of National Politics

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Smith Gets a La Follette Paper

SPEAKING at Superior, Wisconsin, on October 9, Senator Charles Curtis called for the election of "that brilliant young man who has succeeded his father in the Senate, Robert M. La Follette."

On October 10 the "Capital-Times" of Madison, Wisconsin, long considered a spokesman for the late Senator La Follette, published an editorial calling definitely and flatly for the election of Governor Smith. Mr. Hoover, it stated, must be "classed a regular reactionary Republican of the same type as Coolidge, Mellon and the other dominant figures of his party."

There was, of course, no element of cause and effect between these two historic incidents of the campaign. The editorial said nothing at all about Mr. Curtis. It was an analysis of the career of Governor Smith as contrasted with that of Mr. Hoover. It called upon the Progressive Republicans of Wisconsin and elsewhere to support the Democratic candidate.

The chronology of the indorsement by Mr. Curtis and the "Capital-Times" editorial furnishes at least one of the laughs of the campaign. Particularly is this true when it is remembered that the father of "that brilliant young man" was disciplined by the Senate Old Guard, of which Mr. Curtis was a leader, for his bolt in 1924.

Senator La Follette, who is seeking re-election, continues to say nothing. At Kansas City he presented a minority platform which was swiftly voted down. Since then, he has been campaigning for himself, without mentioning Mr. Hoover or Mr. Curtis. Politically, the situation remains tangled, with the Democrats highly encouraged by the latest development. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin has already expressed opposition to Mr. Hoover, and the Democratic candidate for the Senate, theoretically fighting Mr. La Follette, has withdrawn from the race. The policies of La Follette, he said, were those of Governor Smith.

Accord

PEOPLE have been saying that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democratic nominee for Governor of New York, and the present incumbent do not think alike about prohibition. Mr. Roosevelt, in one of his first campaign declarations, says on the other hand:

"I am absolutely in accord with Governor Smith on the prohibition issue. I am not in favor of re-enactment of the Mullan-Gage State Prohibition Enforcement Act which was repealed five years ago. I have traveled through a great many States which have separate State acts for the enforcement of prohibition. I have found prohibition enforcement in such commonwealths not any more effective than in this State where we rely on the Federal enactment machinery."

People have also been saying that if Governor Smith is elected and if Mr. Roosevelt is elected, he—Mr. Roosevelt—will resign as Governor to become Secretary of State.

"Stupid rumor," says Mr. Roosevelt.

Underwood

THE AMERICAN ZIONISTS HONOR GENERAL ALLENBY

Nathan Straus extending the thanks of American Zionists to Viscount Allenby who captured Palestine from Turkey, making possible the re-establishment of that Country as the Jewish Home-land

Coincidence

FROM THE pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, Bishop William T. Manning expounded his belief in prohibition. He defended it, among other reasons, because:

"My work as Bishop takes me into every part of this city and my belief, based on observation and inquiry, is that hampered as enforcement is here, from the fact that we have no State enforcement act, and strong as the sentiment against the law is in this city, the conditions are nevertheless better than they were in the old days before prohibition was adopted.

"I see less drunkenness in the streets and public places, and my friends of the Salvation Army, who are in very close and constant contact with these conditions, tell me that in every department of their work they find great improvement as a result of prohibition. And there is one part of their work that has entirely disappeared, and that is the picking up of drunks from the gutter. To the plain people who are the life of our country, I believe this law has already brought great benefit."

The same day, and for several days thereafter, police were busy picking "plain people" out of the gutter. Many of them were dead and many died in hospitals, the total mortality at the moment of writing being thirty-four. Autopsies showed that they had been drinking the drink of the "plain people" of the city. It is called "smoke" and is a mixture of raw alcohol, water and some chemical that gives it a cloudy flavor. "Plain people" get it for five and ten cents a drink. In this case wood alcohol seems to have been an ingredient.

Controversial Item

MEANWHILE some popular notions of the properties of alcohol—not the kind that has been killing off the "plain people"—have been refuted by Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, president of the New York Academy of Medicine. A paper, "Alcohol and Old Age," which he read before the Academy, has, in fact, started something very like a controversy in and out of the profession.

Some excerpts:

"The physiology of alcohol has been proved in the laboratory. It is a sedative to reflex irritability; it is a dilator of the peripheral blood vessels and in this way it can relieve strain on the muscle of the heart and improve the circulation, although it is not a direct cardiac stimulant.

"It stimulates the secretions of the salivary glands and the gastric juices, it improves the peristaltic action of the stomach and upper intestine and thereby specially improves digestion.

"It is a food ready for oxidation that requires no further change to be available, although it cannot be stored up in the body for future use as can other

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foods. Its caloric value as a food is high, ranking, bulk for bulk, second to the fats. Alcohol is absorbed rapidly; it is excreted by the lungs and kidneys in about two per cent of the amount taken in ordinary medicinal dosage. Even when taken in excess never more than ten per cent of the amount taken can be secreted before complete oxidation has been finished.

"In febrile diseases, alcohol, in view of the physiological actions just enumerated, relieves thirst and moistens the dry tongue and lips. It protects tissue waste in all patients who are not able to digest and metabolize the ordinary proteins, carbohydrates and fats of their regular food in sufficient quantity to supply the normal demands of their body activities. In the aged and in sufferers from chronic diseases, alcohol is an appetiser and helps to digest other food.

"In severe cases of those in the last stages of cancer, and in the cachexias of other chronic ailments which present in an exaggerated degree the condition of pathological physiology characteristic of old age, alcohol is often the only food which the diseased stomach can retain and absorb. Alcohol in the form of malted liquors, such as beer and stout, is a stimulating tonic and frequently is the least harmful of all soporifics for the neurasthenic and nervous patient. Fermented liquors form a most useful tonic and food in convalescence from prolonged infections and from severe surgical procedures."

Dr. Lambert's most controversial statement, it appears, is that alcohol not only does not cause hardening of the arteries but has a "very specific" value in their treatment.

▸▸*Navy Matching*

The United States sways the world, European observers at the League of Nations in Geneva declare. All the major questions of international relations—disarmament, war debts, reparations, withdrawal of Allied troops from the Rhine—are considered in terms of what Washington will do or will not do.

This has been the case with the limitation of navies and the Anglo-French accord regarding land and sea forces. From the start it was admitted that American opposition would defeat the accord and render it impractical as a basis for another naval conference. The Administration has now spoken, in notes to London and Paris, definitely rejecting the proposal on the ground that it would limit the only types of warships the United States particularly needs—larger cruisers and submarines.

The Anglo-French agreement, it may be recalled, provided for limitation of cruisers of 10,000 tons or less armed with guns of six to eight-inch calibre, and also of submarines of more than 600 tons. The United States, in refusing to assent to this plan, as one of particular disadvantage to it, repeated its proposal for an agreed limitation on total tonnage of cruisers, with freedom to build any type of ship specially required up to the agreed limit. Concerned for the safety of the long lines of British sea communication with the Dominions which many small cruisers are needed to guard, Lord Cushendun, acting Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has said that Great Britain would welcome an indication from America of a program which would provide all this.

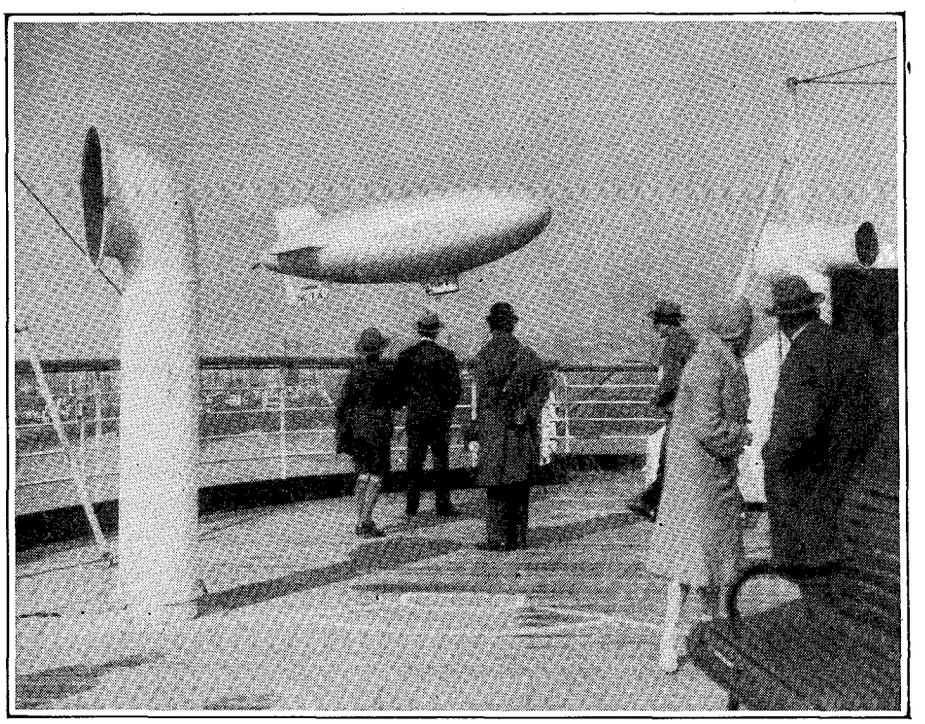
The American note is considered to leave the way open for further discussions. But it decisively eliminates, by a word, the probability of realization of the Anglo-French scheme.

▸▸*Scoops and Ethics*

One interesting development of the Anglo-French negotiations culminated on October 11 in the expulsion of Harold J. T. Horan, Paris correspondent of the Hearst Universal Service, from the Anglo-American Press Association. In the official statement, Horan was charged with "being on various counts guilty of unprofessional conduct." Specifically, his misdemeanor was to scoop the world some three weeks ago by cabling to Mr. Hearst's editors in America the text of the Anglo-French agreement.

Doubtless it was to be expected that the French Government would take some sort of action, but even Mr. Horan must have been somewhat surprised when his car was suddenly surrounded in the Rue de la Paix by cycle and motor police who dragged him off to the Prefecture of Police. There he was held incommunicado for six hours while various officers attempted to draw from him the source of his information. At first, it is said, Horan maintained that none other than Mr. Hearst had secured the document and had merely given it to him for transmission to the United States. Later, however, he admitted that he had obtained it himself with the assistance of three minor employes in the Foreign Office. Upon his release from the Prefecture on October 8, Mr. Horan was ordered to leave the country before October 11. Only after he had discreetly complied with the order was it decided by French officialdom that his presence in Paris might aid materially in laying the real culprits by the heels. By that time he was in Brussels.

The incident brings up again the question of just how far a journalist is



Acme

WELCOMING THE LEVIATHAN BACK TO NEW YORK

The "Puritan," a baby blimp, circling over the Leviathan in New York Harbor

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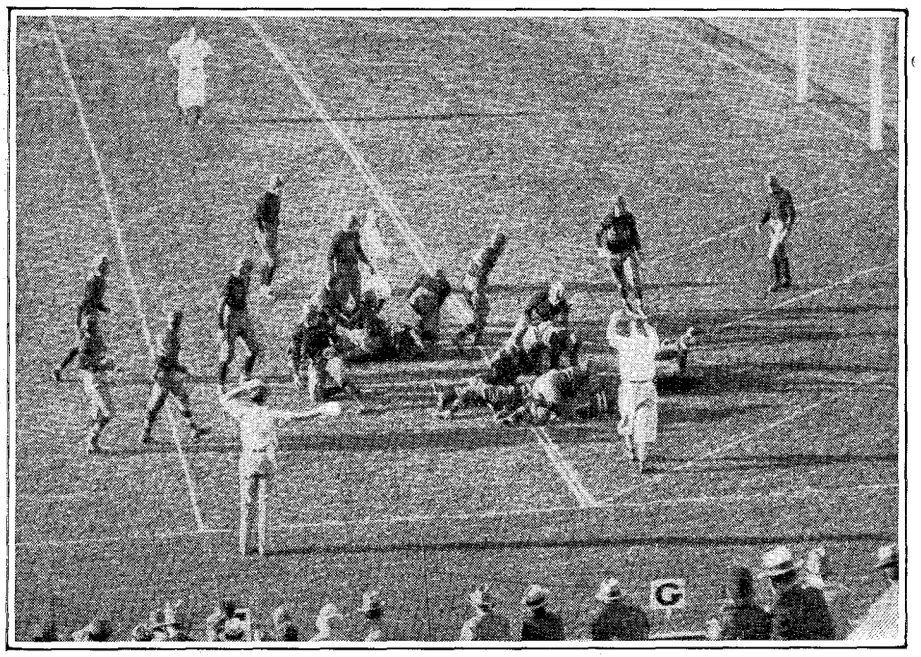

Underwood

COLUMBIA DOWNS UNION COLLEGE

The Columbia Fullback makes a Touchdown

privileged to extend his operations in securing confidential documents for publication. In an elder and more swashbuckling day, all was fair in war and the newspaper profession. More recently, however, the press has developed a conscience, and while unscrupulous reporters still filch letters and documents, more reputable sheets officially frown upon such conduct as unbecoming to a reporter and a gentleman. Doubtless the reporting fraternity itself will hail Mr. Horan as an energetic and skillful devotee of his craft. But the foreign correspondents, who are the real brass hats of newspaperdom, were bound to find their colleague guilty of unprofessional conduct. If they didn't, they might find their own news sources sadly curtailed.

▶▶*Dr. Butler on Bigotry*

In his vigorous denunciation of religious intolerance, particularly in the note of alarm with which he views its continuance, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University again demonstrates that his voice is one well heard in the land.

An article in last week's issue raised the question of whether Dr. Butler was, primarily, a politician or a publicist. It was pointed out that he had publicly criticized two outstanding Hoover policies, but had said nothing about voting for Smith.

It was definitely Butler the Publicist, however, who wrote a letter to Michael Williams of the "Commonweal" declaring it the duty of Americans to check bigotry. No one, he said, "who loves his country—can be otherwise than deeply moved and profoundly shocked" by the exhibitions "of ignorance, intolerance and religious bigotry manifested on every side."

These are strong words that Dr. Butler speaks. There are, he went on, those "who call themselves Christians" who are betraying their Lord "as truly as did Judas and denying Him as truly as did Peter." So, too, those who profess to follow Jefferson and Roger Williams are false to the doctrines of those leaders.

Does it matter that millions, many well-educated, "are still the willing weapons of a religious hate and a malice that are as immoral as they are un-Christian and un-American?" Dr. Butler feels deeply that it does.

Can it mean, he demanded, that "somewhere in the not distant future another Gibbon is preparing a world-shaking work on the decline and fall of Christianity?"

"The foundations of America," he concluded, "are under attack."

▶▶*New Party Hopes*

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, expressed in Washington the other night the hope that the present campaign will result in the formation of at least one new party, a real party of the working people. Others not at all radically inclined, notably some Southern Senators and Representatives, have expressed the same thing not as a hope but as a fear. The fact is somewhat generally recognized that for some time past the Democratic and Republican parties have been held together by their pressure upon each other, and the belief is held by many that if the ties binding one of the old parties should break, the dissolution of the other old party would shortly follow.

There is nowhere discoverable any great grief over the prospect that the old parties, one or both, may pass, but there is discoverable a genuine fear of the bloc system which would be likely to ensue. To those of Mr. Thomas's way of thinking such a development would be desirable in a government of blocs. The Socialist party or the new real party of the working people would be a power to be reckoned with.

▶▶*Equal Rights?*

"Her husband resides at Chicago. The relations of the two appear to be amicable."

Thus the Treasury Department disposes of the claim made by Ganna Walska, wife of Harold F. McCormick, that her residence is in Paris and that, therefore, she should not be assessed $1,000,000 in duties on gowns and jewels. They were to have been used on an opera tour in this country.

Mme. Walska declined to pay the duty on the ground that her home is in Paris and that she was here on a visit. But the Treasury Department cites court decisions which hold that the home of the husband is the home of his wife; unless they have been formally separated in some legal manner.

Thus weight is given to the contentions of the feminists that women do not have equal rights in the United States, or anywhere else. Perhaps the National Woman's Party, which favors the election of Herbert Hoover, will ask for his opinion on this case.

▶▶*Not Immigrants*

Commuters across our northern boundary, even though they may not be native Canadians but foreign born, are not immigrants. This is the decision of the United States Supreme Court. It also appears to be common sense.

About a year and a half ago, in response to urgency by the American Federation of Labor, the Secretary of Labor of the United States ruled that

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foreign-born residents of Canada who had been coming to work daily into such cities as Detroit and Buffalo must have passports with visas by the United States Consuls of their native countries. This meant that they were virtually barred out, for under the quotas preference would be given naturally to *bona fide* immigrants. This ruling worked a serious hardship. Of course it was intended partly to reduce the danger of American unemployment and partly to prevent smuggling in aliens contrary to law. But it was not a friendly arrangement for our Canadian neighbors.

When the case was tried in the Federal Court it was decided that these commuters were "non-immigrants," entitled under treaty to cross the line as they pleased.

It is this decision, which was sustained on appeal, that the Supreme Court of the United States has declined to review. It is a liberal and sensible interpretation of the law.

▶▶*Mrs. Baldwin of the D. A. R.*

"Do you believe, Mrs. Baldwin," asked Arthur Garfield Hays, "that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was engaged in propaganda against the United States and in favor of a scheme to Sovietize Mexico?"

"I believe if Fred Marvin said it, it's true," replied Mrs. Helen Brumley Baldwin, a leading D. A. R. of Boonton, New Jersey.

So ended the testimony last week at Morristown, New Jersey, in the trial of a libel suit filed by Mrs. Baldwin against the Rev. William H. Bridge.

It was all a little involved. Mrs. Baldwin had written a letter to a local newspaper in which she said that the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard of the "Nation," and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise were "playing the Communist game." Mr. Bridge had referred to her accusations as "lying imputations;" suit followed.

Mrs. Baldwin's expression of faith in the veracity of "Fred Marvin" came after she had been asked to give the authority for her charges of Communist activity. Most of them, she said, had been based on the writings of Fred R. Marvin, who will be recalled as the head of the Key Men of America. Regarding Mr. Marvin and his coworkers, Mrs. Baldwin had no misgivings. The absurd reports concerning Holmes, Villard, and the others were written "by patriotic organizations fighting for the Constitution."

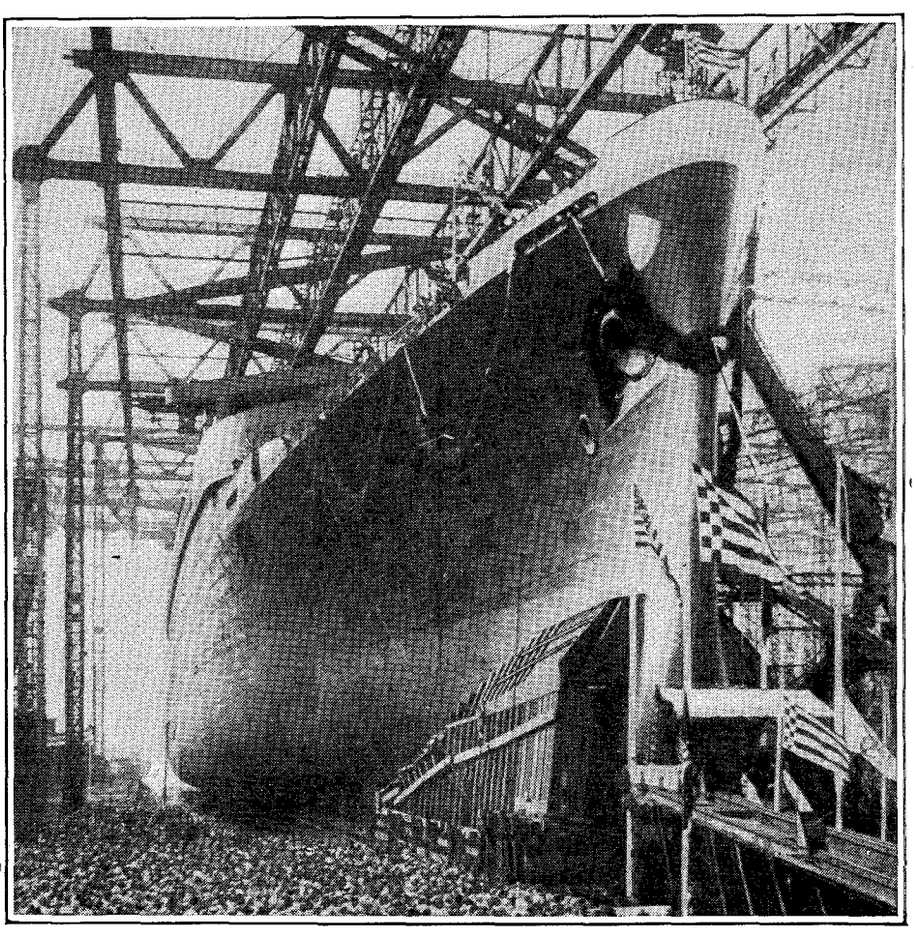
The jury which heard the evidence in this grotesque case seems to have acted with unusual wisdom. It found that Mrs. Baldwin had not been libeled; in other words that she had been mistaken in her accusations. It also dismissed a counter-suit brought by the Rev. Mr. Bridge, angry because Mrs. Baldwin had called him an alien.

It all furnished amusing reading, particularly when Mrs. Baldwin said she believed even Mrs. Roosevelt had been aiding the Reds. It is less amusing, though, to realize that Mr. Marvin, the Key Men of America and the "Daily Data Sheets" which give patriotic information (at $6 a year) can be taken so seriously. It is then recalled that the D. A. R., in national convention not long ago, drafted a "black list" based on these same data sheets.

▶▶*Hunting Worlds by Mathematics*

On grounds of logic there is no good reason to hold that the eight known planets of the solar system constitute the entire family, and astronomers have once more become interested in the search for one or more new ones beyond the outermost planet Neptune. When search was made for another planet in the days of Kepler, logic was invoked against the possibility of its existence: an eighth planet, it was said, would upset the established order of things, for were there not seven days in the week and seven windows in the head —two nostrils, two eyes, two ears and a mouth?

Professor W. H. Pickering, formerly of Harvard, believes he has established evidence of the existence of not one but three undiscovered planets which he designates tentatively as O, P, and S. How is it possible to predicate celestial bodies which have never been seen? By the same reasoning which tells us why a small boy is sometimes swerved from his path and delayed on his way home from school by something in a store window. Something attracts him. Professor Pickering finds that comets which periodically return to the sun's neighborhood do not behave exactly as they would if there were no undiscovered attracting bodies beyond Neptune (the nearest stars are some 10,000 times as far as Neptune and thus are



Keystone

GERMANY'S LARGEST LINER

The "Europe," first of two 46,000 ton liners built for the North German Lloyd, was launched at Hamburg recently

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out of the argument.) By laborious calculations and deductions made from records of planetary and cometary motions he believes he has found evidence that the three predicated planets are much farther out in space even than Neptune, and are larger than the earth but not as large as Jupiter.

It will be recalled that Neptune itself was discovered on paper, that is by pure mathematical calculation, owing to its observed attraction for Uranus, next nearer the Sun. In 1845, Leverrier predicted mathematically the spot it would be found in the sky, astronomers directed their telescopes and found the planet at once.

▶▶Neptune is Going East

How it is possible to determine in which direction and how rapidly a planet rotates which presents no surface markings, forms the subject of research completed by two American astronomers, Dr. J. H. Moore and Dr. D. H. Menzel, of the Lick Observatory in California. Neptune is the planet in question and it is distant many times more than Mars or Jupiter. It was found to rotate every 15.8 hours.

The two astronomers employed indirect methods of determination. They took advantage of the fact that the vibrations of light are increased or decreased, respectively, when the source of the light is moving toward the observer or away from him. Thus the light coming from the side of Neptune's disk which rotates toward us would be altered in one manner, and that of the receding half of the rotating disk in the opposite manner.

The principle is identical with a commonly observed phenomenon having to do with sound: when an approaching locomotive whistles the pitch of the whistle rises noticeably until the locomotive is opposite the hearer; then it falls as it moves on down the track. The analogous alterations in the light from Neptune were measured not by the eye but by means of spectrum photographs. The distant planet was found to rotate toward the east, as do all of the planets except Uranus.

▶▶Ancient Vandals

Some 5,000 years ago there died in Egypt the mother of Cheops, the king who built the biggest of the big pyramids. She was entombed with all the splendor due to her rank. Not long ago it was announced that the exploration party headed by Professor Reisner had undoubtedly discovered the site of the tomb of this ancient queen. It was a formidable task to reach the tomb itself, for it lay at the bottom of a vertical shaft one hundred feet deep, and the shaft had been blocked solid with masonry.

When the tomb was reached, the explorers confidently thought that it was untouched. They found, as they expected, a beautiful alabaster sarcophagus, remains of royal furniture, and other such subjects as were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Certainly no one had quarried through the hundred feet of solid masonry. But when the sarcophagus was opened, no queen was there. Dr. Reisner, partly through evidence and partly by reconstruction of what was probable has evolved a singular answer to this problem. It is that the queen, Hetepheres, was duly buried beside the tomb of her royal husband, near the pyramid built in his honor. But this first tomb was plundered by thieves, the coffin was broken open, and the mummy was probably destroyed in the search for jewels. The Chief Vizier was informed, but he was in fear of his life if he should dare to tell Cheops. So he planned the deep shaft near Cheops's pyramid, prepared a new tomb at the bottom, had the empty sarcophagus buried there, and lied to Cheops. Apparently his little scheme worked without a hitch.

Now American explorers have brought to light the perfidy of the Chief Vizier, and have reconstructed the story of one of the most extraordinary frauds of history.

Remarkable Remarks

The Church, may be, and very likely is, wrong on any question of present-day importance.—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Men were jailed for their opinions even before the Supreme Court began its inroads upon the first ten Amendments.—H. L. Mencken.

There are bosses and parties and cabals and hokum and all sorts of naughty things about the business of electing the President, but the results are not so bad.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Let us . . . place in the White House that modest Quaker gentleman . . . for whom children in a score of lands thank God before they lie down at night—Herbert Hoover.—Deets Pickett.

I get all my information on politics from the newspapers.—Albert B. Fall.

I don't know anything about politics, but I am emphatically at the disposal of the Democratic party.—Bobby Jones.

Prosperity has been more effectively promoted under Republican than under Democratic auspices.—Otto Kahn.

I do not think that any informed person can deny that it is vastly beneficial to inject religion into politics.—Dr. John Roach Straton.

The Klan seeks no political preferment and has no political affiliations.—H. W. Evans, Imperial Wizard.

There is a higher purpose in party organization than the election of men to public office.—Herbert Hoover.

A Democrat is naturally windier than a Republican.—Will Rogers.

▶▶China Chooses a New President

To become President of China in recent years it has been necessary to win a civil war. The Chinese people have just seen another military victor rise to power—General Chiang Kai-shek, the youthful leader of the Nationalists. But his election by the Central Executive Council at Nanking holds out the possibility that this may be the end of campaigns by arms in the republic which superseded the Manchu Empire, and that henceforth ballots may take the place of bullets in the decision of its political affairs.

Chiang, still in his thirties, is the strategist who led the Nationalist armies from Canton in the south to victory over the militarists of Peking in the north. Three times he has shown notably cool and far-sighted judgment—once when he halted his advance to eradicate Russian Bolshevik influence among the Nationalists and drive the extreme radicals out of the party, once when he avoided a clash with Japan after the China-Japanese riots at Tsinan last year, and again when he resigned command and retired to civil life after the defeat of the northern militarists.

All China celebrated his inauguration on October 10, the seventeenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the beginning of the republican revolution. Even in Manchuria, under Japanese control, it was reported that the Nationalist flag was flown in his honor, following appointment of Marshal Chang-Hsueh-liang, the Manchurian Governor, as a

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member of the Nationalist State Council. If President Chiang and his colleagues in Nanking continue to maintain the same calm, good judgment, they bid fair to prove themselves the first modern administrators able to unify the Chinese nation.

Indispensable Religions

THE REGULARLY quotable Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick contributes this thought to the many thoughts that are being given these days to religion and the church:

"When a man says he can get on without religion it merely means he has a kind of religion he can get on without. Some of us have become acquainted with the religion that is indispensable. If you heard a man say 'I can get on without my home,' that would mean simply that he had the kind of home he can get on without. But some of us are not so unfortunate. So it is with the religious life and to this profound difference between dispensable and indispensable religion I invite your thought.

"Obviously this matter is of crucial concern to the churches. What is the trouble with the churches? Boil it down. Get the precipitant residue of the matter. The trouble is that people can go so often to church and find nothing there that they cannot get on without."

Or, perhaps, get elsewhere, say, at a political rally.

What Carelessness Costs

IF CONSIDERATIONS of humanity are not sufficient, considerations of cost should bring support to the organized movement to reduce preventable accidents. This at least was one form of appeal to the public made at the seventeenth annual meeting of the Congress of the National Safety Council held at New York during the first week of this month. Willis H. Booth, President of the Merchants' Association, pointed out that industrial accidents cost the State of New York last year more than one hundred million dollars. And the Assistant Superintendent of the Engineering and Inspection Division of the Traveler's Insurance Company, H. W. Heinrich, said that out of all industrial accidents 98 per cent are preventable.

Industry is not by any means a chief culprit, for industrial accidents have been decreasing. In fact every class of accidental fatality has decreased except one—that attributable to the automobile. Not only have fatal automobile accidents increased with the use of automobiles but even faster than the increase in automobile registrations. That something can be done about this is proved, as President Niesz of the National Safety Council said, by the fact that decrease of motor accidents has been secured in cities where organized safety work has been carried on.

Surprising as it may seem, about one-quarter of the fatal accidents in the United States occur in the home. Housework is a hazardous occupation under present conditions. Women were urged at the Safety Congress to mobilize for safety.

Incidentally air travel is becoming important enough to warrant the devotion of a special section at the Safety Congress to the subject of the safety factor in aeronautics.

Remarkable Remarks

American buyers are too rich to offend.—GANNA WALSKA.

Many a stout heart has beaten under a loud shirt.—ELSIE MCCORMICK.

Men die for money as they live for money. Women live and die for love. They are less practical.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

After forty-five most of a woman's "It" lies in her bank book.—HELEN ROWLAND.

No woman but who is willing to work her fingers to the bone for a man who kisses the callous spots on her hands.—DOROTHY DIX.

It is the duty of the woman to accede to the mandates of the man.—MUSSOLINI.

Romance is sometimes exceedingly difficult to control.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

I think the world, at least the world I know in America, is getting more soundly religious than ever before.—BISHOP MANNING.

You never can tell the sinner from the Christian. They drink the same drinks and smoke the same cigars.—AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON.

The only religion which absolutely commands total abstinence is the Mohammedan, and it has not been a notorious success.—DR. HENRY VAN DYE.

A taste for milk, like any other taste, can be cultivated.—MARIA JERITZA.

I can understand people who think the Eighteenth Amendment impractical and advocate its repeal.—SENATOR BORAH.

Fatalities of the Air

THE FATALITIES of the air seem to come in a very large proportion from stuntists, joy riders and half-trained pilots; and that impression draws confirmation from a lately published report of the United States Department of Commerce's aeronautical division.

It appears that in the first six months of this year there were 390 airplane accidents in the civil field—that is, excluding military and naval air work. In these accidents 163 persons were killed and 276 were injured. Only six of the deaths were incurred in scheduled flying over regular air routes. The others were in large proportion during "experimentation, which includes contests, races, oceanic flights and such."

The evidence is increasing that the day of "show-off" flying, of careless or incompetent exploiting for pay of the natural desire to take a ride and see what it is like, and of danger for danger's sake, is giving way to skilled, supervised, purposeful aviation.

'Down Upon the Suwanee'

DOWN on the Southern edge of Georgia where a lot of little streams pull themselves together to form the Suwanee River, they are erecting a granite monument to the memory of Stephen Collins Foster who wrote a song about a river that he never saw. It will be a monument, though it has not yet been considered as such, to a wandering tribe of Indians, the gipsies of the forest, which made itself monuments of streams and mountains from side to side and from end to end of this country.

Every section of the United States is proud of the Indian tribe which originally inhabited it. Yet no section is peculiarly proud of this tribe because it was always a sojourner and had never an abiding city. But it left its name behind it—on the Suwanee River in Florida, on Sewanee Mountain in Tennessee, on Pawnee butte of the Northwest, on Shawnee canyon of the Southwest, even on spots in eastern Canada whose names have now a French spelling.

But for the Su-Se-Shaw-Pawnees, many a natural feature would have gone unnamed, Foster could never

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have written his most famous song, and close harmony and the ukelele would have been deprived— or spared, as the case may be—a prime favorite.

Il Duce's "Free Press"

"The stories about the suppression of the freedom of the press in Italy," said Premier Mussolini recently to some seventy Fascist newspaper editors at a press conference in the Chigi Palace, "are devoid of all foundation." He went even further, declaring: "The Italian press is the freest in the world."

What he thought of newspapers in other countries he explained by saying that they are organs of "plutocratic groups, parties or individuals," in some cases reduced to "buying and selling exciting news," in other cases "owned by individuals who consider the newspaper an ordinary industry," like steel or leather.

In contrast he set forth the freedom of the Italian press. Of course in Italy the press must avoid injuring the Fascist régime. Fascism includes everything and therefore includes the press. "That is why the entire Italian press is Fascist." Criticism of the Fascist régime "is not allowed." In other fields, however, editors can exercise "free criticism."

"For instance," said Il Duce, "you can say that Mussolini as a violin player is a most modest amateur."

New York is Safer

Insurance brokers, cold-blooded and statistical, are never influenced by statements of police officials that a city is purging itself of criminals. They are satisfied only by the records. It is therefore encouraging news that a group of insurance companies in New York has announced reductions in premiums on policies giving protection against residence burglary, robbery, theft, larceny and personal hold-ups. A cut of twelve per cent in burglary insurance is typical.

In other words, New York is safer for the individual, although the new rates do not apply to corporations and $300,000 diamond robberies continue. Brooklyn, among all the five boroughs, is the exception. There are no reductions in the City of Churches.

Purifying Broadway

Mayor Walker, of New York, whose devotion to the drama is nationally known, has evolved a new plan for keeping bawdy dramas off Broadway. Only a man familiar with the theatrical business could have thought of it. It provides, in brief, that some member of the Police Department shall attend out-of-town showings of plays intended for New York. If, in the opinion of this official, the presentation is salacious there are to be conferences with the producer. He is to be persuaded that the objectionable lines must be removed before the show reaches the pure air of Broadway. The alternative will be prosecution.

The Mayor, knowing that nearly all plays are first tried out in smaller cities, feels that he has hit upon a happy solution. It is not really censorship, he thinks. And it will make unnecessary such spectacular raids as the recent ones which halted Mae West's "Pleasure Man."

The Giant German Zeppelin

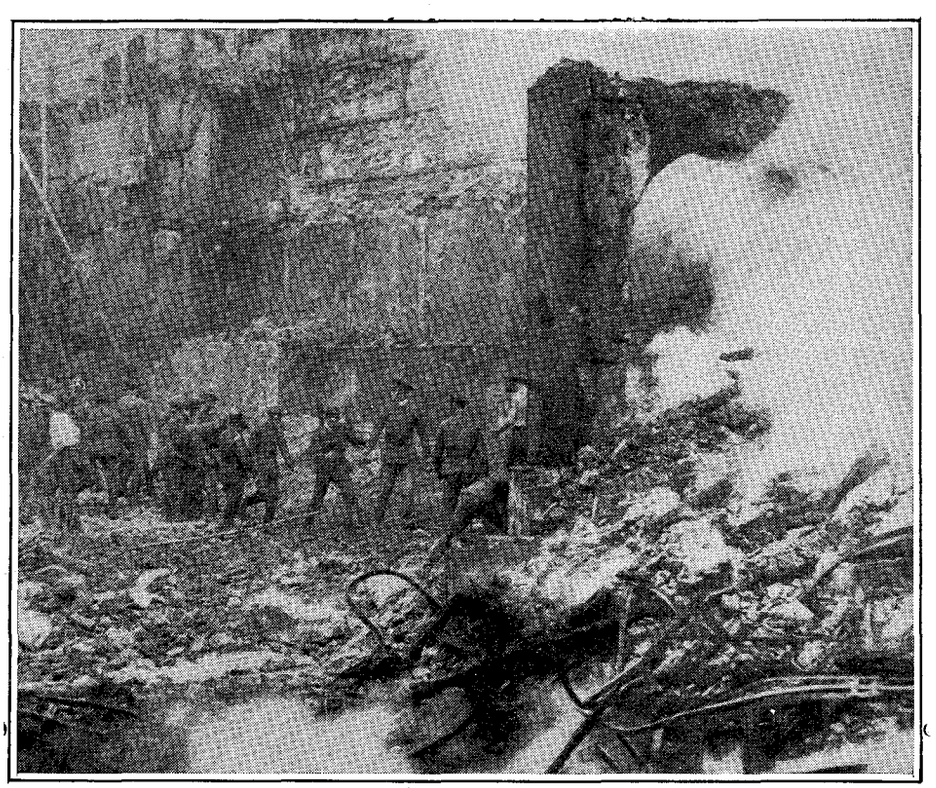
At dusk on October 15, more than 110 hours after the Graf Zeppelin had left Friedrichshafen, Germany, she was safely moored to the Navy's mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Although she was not the first dirigible to negotiate the difficult east-west passage across the Atlantic, she was the first to carry mail and passengers. Her coming inaugurates commercial transatlantic travel by air.

This giant Zeppelin is longer than most ocean steamships; has a flying range of 6,200 miles; her crew and officers number fifty-two, and she has excellent stateroom and dining-saloon accommodations for fifteen passengers. It is said that despite the feeling of security felt by all concerned, one passenger paid for $1,000,000 insurance.

All this sounds very much like actual aerial commerce and passenger service. Dr. Eckener, builder of the ship, believes that she is the ideal type of craft for trans-Atlantic travel; two big English airships are nearly ready and it is expected that they will be used as commercial carriers, one between New York and Liverpool, the other between Montreal and London.

One feature of the Graf Zeppelin that has excited interest is its use of "blue gas" as a motor fuel. This is a hydro-carbonated gas almost as light as air. "Blue gas" is also reasonably cheap. Of course it is inflammable, but helium is costly and is not yet readily obtainable in large quantities.

The dirigible as well as the airplane is clearly going through a course of development that is making it safer and more practical for business purposes.



Underwood

THE RUINS OF THE MADRID THEATRE

Which recently burned to the ground during an opera performance, killing 100 and injuring 150

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Editorials

The Campaign—An Appraisal

WE HAVE never wanted to think for our readers nor to impose upon them our opinions. We could not if we would. We have a point of view and cannot help presenting facts as we see them from that point of view. When we see what we believe is the truth we state the truth as we see it. When we find a prejudice in the way of that truth, we want it removed and say so. Especially do we protest when we see an attempt to stifle discussion by an appeal to prejudice or emotion. If democracy means anything, if this country is to survive as a democracy, we must have constantly the free action of mind upon mind.

We have never consciously been the propagandist of any party or any candidate. We have portrayed candidates as we have seen them; we have explained party policies as we have seen them; and when candidates and policies have agreed with our own views that fact has been obvious.

We here state briefly what seem to be the chief issues and what relation they have to Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith. Between the two parties, as parties, it is difficult to find any clear issue. The Republican organization seems to be under much the same management as that which drove the Progressives with Roosevelt into revolt in 1912; whether Mr. Hoover's nomination signifies a rehabilitation is a matter of opinion but not as yet a matter of evidence. The Democrats are disorganized, at war with themselves; whether the nomination of Governor Smith will lead to reorganization is likewise a matter to be determined by the future.

Prohibition is plainly the issue that has aroused the greatest emotion and attention. It is not a party issue, for it cuts across party lines, leaving dry Democrats and wet Republicans with no place to lay their heads. It is not a moral issue. It is definitely a political issue; a question of the effective and ineffective. Is prohibition the best way of protecting society against the ancient evils of the liquor traffic and of promoting nation-wide temperance?

We think that the crime, the corruption, the contempt for all law, the open and growing disregard of prohibition in vast sections of the country warrant an attempt to find something better. We do not, on the other hand, subscribe to Governor Smith's remedy of adding legislative features to the legislative Eighteenth Amendment. We believe, and have stated, that the sale and use of liquor should be left to the discretion of Congress, and that the Eighteenth Amendment should be so changed as simply to delegate that power to Congress. We do believe, however, that our view and the views of others who hope for more temperate methods of promoting temperance would be more likely to get a hearing from Governor Smith than from Mr. Hoover.

Farm relief probably comes next as a matter of immediate concern to vast numbers of people. Both candidates have recognized its importance, but neither, wisely we think, has detailed a perfectly definite program. Governor Smith knows the subject only at second hand and is naturally cautious in committing himself without fuller knowledge. What he dismisses as the mechanics of the problem has been the very bone of contention. President Coolidge has justly been held responsible for failing to pursue an active and affirmative farm policy to an effective conclusion, but it is not Mr. Coolidge who is now the candidate. Unquestionably Mr. Hoover knows more about agriculture and its complexities than his rival. Those who look upon farm relief as the first issue of the campaign have reason for regarding Mr. Hoover as the better qualified to deal with it.

Giant power is a question of great National concern but not now of great National interest. The control of the distribution of electric power on a large scale is comparable in importance to the control of railways. Mr. Hoover has referred to this question in terms of business and engineering knowledge, but has given little evidence of a consciousness of its political implications. Governor Smith, on the contrary, has had direct experience in dealing with it politically. He is not a radical but he has no illusions about the dangers to public rights arising from public indifference. His plan for dealing with it by means of public authority corporations has the double merit of successful operation in other fields and of alert regard for public rights. The advantage here is with the latter candidate.

Our foreign relations are now more important than ever before. They range from foreign debts to our responsibility in the Philippines and in Latin America. Here Governor Smith is at a disadvantage. He has, as with farm relief, to take his information at second hand, whereas Mr. Hoover has probably as wide information as any man in the world. Governor Smith's briefly stated philosophy of foreign relations seems as likely to mislead him as to guide him safely.

We shall not deal with prosperity or the tariff or immigration or other subjects ballyhooed back and forth: some of them are minor and some are not issues.

There is one issue that remains, and it is not unimportant —the issue of free public discussion.

For eight years under Harding and Coolidge the political consciousness of the country has been lying fallow. The country seemed to need a period of rest and recuperation after the stirring days of Roosevelt and Wilson and war. Do we need an extension of the time? We have to remember that the government of this republic is more than the mere administration of business. It is a constant process of education in self-government. Officials of government who want to be let alone to carry on their affairs undisturbed by political discussion are as dangerous to democratic institutions as their opposites, the reckless agitators.

No one can expect that the election of Mr. Hoover will quicken the revival of political debate and consequent political education. No one, on the other hand, can well believe that the election of Governor Smith would fail to stimulate public discussion of public questions. He has been a master debater. He has made it a practice to bring his ideas and proposals to the people and defend them against opposition. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he has brought to representative government something of the spirit of the town meeting.

Are we ready to continue our political education? Or do we need still more time for reflection and cogitation of old lessons? This, we believe, is the real point of the campaign, transcending all issues.

For our part, we think it is time to be stirring again. The reader will decide for himself.

The Editors—

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From the Life

Home

By IBBY HALL

IN THE EARLY part of this new and exciting century there lived somewhere in England an ordinary man, who had grown up accustomed to the idea of safety and quiet living.

This man's home was a pleasant one. He was especially devoted to his mother. He was dutiful with his relatives, and his neighbors were his friends. The only unhappiness in his life concerned his brother. The ease and pleasure of living would have been quite extraordinary—so simple were the needs of this small family—had the brother been altogether like other men. But from youth this boy had been deaf and dumb. Without this drawback in their daily existence, life might easily have become too complete for the good of their souls.

As it happened, the young man felt he hardly deserved the added happiness of a wife. But here he was, he found one day to his amazement, possessed of a girl who loved him, who was willing to throw in her fortunes with his and who was adding every day to the happiness that made up his life.

The sky over England was clear and promising. The stretch of life ahead of him was straight and full of hope. All that the copy-books had said in his childhood was true. You had only to learn these few simple rules and everything worked out in the interests of your own good.

All this was before the year of 1914. In 1914 England entered into a state of war. It became evident then that a good man must be a good citizen, and there was nothing for a good citizen to do but to become a good soldier. One's country came first and was like Jehovah. Had it not presented him with these blessings? Surely then it was his country's right to call him from them when he was needed elsewhere.

The young Britisher knew what was expected of him and was as severe as he might be with the heaviness that had become his heart. He left his mother with a new sensation of dread. Nevertheless, he told himself, how strange was the hand of Providence! The deaf and dumb brother would at least be spared to her.

He said goodbye to his wife, and somehow in that moment life became vaguely and suddenly charged with uncertainty. Was it after all so simple? Must a man never learn the reasons for things? It was only for a moment. He had himself in hand again. He was obedient, unquestioning once more.

The good British soldier set out staunchly to see how many good German soldiers he might destroy in the name of his country. Home was far behind him. Some of those early rules shone more brightly than ever. They were his beacon lights. Honor—duty—courage. Other rules did not bear thinking about and were best let alone. What was wrong in peace was right in war. What was forbidden to the passions of one man alone was glorified by numbers under sanction of government. It was all too much for him; he had never been trained to think.

HE WAS being trained now to fight, and he learned to fight blindly and courageously. Weeks and months of filth and fighting, horror and obedience resolved themselves into years of noise. The noise about him seemed to enter his brain. There was a steady clanging in his head that told him more plainly with every day that he was part of a machine and his one duty was to be obedient. Then one day the clanging burst.

A great quiet filled the eyes of the British soldier. It was not the clear quiet of English lanes and pleasant fields, but held a threat in it like the quiet of a desolate sea. He lay on his cot in a base hospital and watched the shadows of life that moved about him. He was in the hands of shadows, under the law of shadows, unable either to use himself or to resist these phantoms that used him. Unfamiliar worlds in revolving procession whirled about his head. The man himself was nowhere—all that was left a pinpoint of consciousness, homeless and adrift in a vast and quiet ether. From one dim universe to another he was tossed and driven through space until the final wave of time that cast the wreckage of himself once more into consciousness upon a hospital cot.

The shadows were now a bit more substantial. They told him in words that gradually came to have meaning for his ears that part of his head had been shot away; that modern surgery, marvelous and triumphant, had mended him; had replaced bone with metal and produced him once more. A second birth. As good as new again.

The world to which he had returned was run by rules. By rules he was discharged. By other rules he must live and he must work. He joined the crew of a steamer bound for a country he knew nothing about. By now he was accustomed only to strangeness.

The British soldier arrived as a coal trimmer in a country called America. Here were new shadows—here a new succession of white cots in quiet hospitals. And once more there passed in front of him these phantoms that tended him with their hands, that spoke to him in unintelligible voices.

The British soldier woke one day and asked where he was. He was in the year 1928 in a city he knew nothing about, staring from the white pillow of his bed at soft and healing sunlight. The sunlight reminded him of something. It reminded him of home. He remembered—he remembered now that once he had been—himself.

Slowly there came back to him that face—that was his mother's face. Another—it had been his wife. There was another face that looked at him from silence, a face that lived in its eyes, unable to speak or hear.

The British soldier struggled to sit up. Through vague familiar rooms, opening half-closed doors, he groped cautiously in the bewildering realm of his forgotten personality. His face cleared gradually until it shone like that soft sunlight he was staring at.

"I must go home to them!" he shouted suddenly. "I must go home."

THE NEWSPAPERS of the other day told their story about a new Enoch Arden, who had returned to England to find his mother dead, his friends and family scattered; his wife re-married, and the mother of four children. He could understand it all, he told reporters; he wanted only to make arrangements that would leave every one happy, satisfied.

Besides, had he not one great consolation? His brother, who had never spoken, who had never heard sound, had been so filled with joy at seeing his face again that he had regained his lost faculties. Together they were at home.

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Foreign Opinion

Across the Northern Border

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

OUR presidential election is interesting Canadians more than usual this year—both because Mr. Hoover is a personality so well known to them and because the campaign has brought to the surface so many prejudices not ordinarily apparent to outsiders, even those who know us so well as our neighbors across the border.

The fact that religious feeling could play so important a part in a political controversy in the United States, and create such bitter partisanship, has apparently been something of a surprise, although Canada—with her division into English and French regions—is not unfamiliar with similar problems. And it is the tactics of the campaign, quite as much as the issues over which it is being waged, that have commanded attention. Thus, the "Gazette" of Montreal writes:

"Both candidates are piquant personalities, equally the product of the so-called 'land of opportunity,' and equally alive and aware of the great questions which are at stake in this remarkable contest. The most striking difference between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Al Smith as regards the art of handling politics upon a grand scale is that the Republican nominee is not a well-versed spellbinder, has no glibness of speech, and finds no pleasure in the usual advertising advices of electioneering strategy . . . On the other hand, Mr. Al Smith is never more at home than when on the public platform, and as standard-bearer in behalf of the Democrats revels in the heat of battle. Yet it is recognized also that the New York candidate is fighting against heavy odds . . .

" . . . One peculiar feature of this American election is the fact that Mr. Smith is a Catholic, and, although this circumstance is apart from politics and should be kept so, the likelihood of its being hoisted into view as a factor of the campaign was clearly foreseen. It stands to the credit of the officials that they have ignored the sectarian issue, refused to sanction the use of it, and have frowned down any attempt to introduce so mischievous an element. Unfortunately, however, their counsels in this regard have failed to have effect. In spite of all precautions and warnings anent the folly of mixing up religion with politics, this strange animal has uprisen from the depths of a troubled sea . . . Mr. Hoover has frankly stated that there is no need to conjure up such a dragon, since the Catholicism of his opponent affords no grounds for the assumption that it would hinder the faithful discharge of executive functions . . . And on his part, the Democratic candidate when at Oklahoma City voiced his protest against the attempt to inject hatred and intolerance into a campaign which can be carried to its conclusion intelligently upon the public questions it involves . . . It is gratifying to note that both of them . . . are at one in their firm refusal to countenance such campaigning strategy, and in their expressed desire that the political game should be cleanly and fairly played out on its own merits they have the approval of the best American citizenship."

OBVIOUSLY a campaign such as this must affect the esteem in which the people of the United States are held abroad, and the protagonists of bigotry and religious fanaticism and fear have done a great deal to bring the nation into disrepute. It is significant to find a Canadian observer making this clear distinction between them and the candidates and their more intelligent supporters on both sides. It indicates that Canada is taking more than casual interest in the campaign.

Not only the religious issue interests Canadians, however; they have practical reasons to be concerned in the outcome of our election. In the first place, they are vitally affected by our tariff, and the record of Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce evidently makes them fear that he will favor rates exercising a particularly restrictive influence upon Canadian exports to the United States. Considerable editorial comment to this effect has appeared in the course of the campaign. From the Democrats, despite their altered position as regards tariff protection for home industries, Canada would expect somewhat more lenient treatment.

At the same time, Canadians are doubtful of the policy of "Mr. Al Smith," as their editorials usually refer to him, for the development of an oceanic waterway. They know that as Governor of New York, he favored an "All-American" route. The majority of them would like to see the development of an international waterway, and for this they have tended to look hopefully to Mr. Hoover. So they have followed closely his statements on this question. The country, however, is not united in regard to it, as an editorial in "L'Evénément" of Quebec shows:

"In his speeches, Mr. Hoover no longer speaks of the canalization of the St. Lawrence as a measure dependent alone on the will of the American nation. Instead of predicting that this enterprise will be completed four years after his election to the Presidency, he is content to say that lacking a possible understanding with the Canadian people for the construction of an international waterway, he will be content to help toward the construction of a Pan American route from Buffalo to the Atlantic. This change of attitude must have come to the Republican candidate after hearing the protests of certain of his partisans. In any case, events seem to favor the policy of which Premier Taschereau (of Quebec Province) is the Canadian champion—that of the perfect autonomy of the St. Lawrence."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York appeals to Canadian imagination, and it is interesting to find him bracketed with the Republican candidate for President. Thus the "Chronicle-Telegraph" of Montreal comments: "It is a splendid gesture, not only politically, but from the standpoint of good government. For Franklin D. Roosevelt, scion of an old family, a scholar and a cultured gentleman, is the type of public man that renews one's faith in democracy . . . It is a splendid thing for any democracy when it can get men to run for office of the calibre and character of Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . .

"Not for years," it concludes, "have the American people had the opportunity of choosing a President from two men of such outstanding character and with such fine records, and in our own country there are increasing signs of a tendency among the more intelligent and better class of citizens to stand for public office."

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Toronto Tries Control

By DIXON MERRITT

Prohibition was discarded in the Province of Ontario a little more than a year ago; that circumstance, plus a policy of secrecy on the part of officialdom, made it impossible for Mr. Merritt to reach the definite conclusions of his Quebec survey. This is the second of three articles dealing with liquor control in Canada.

THE night life of Toronto does not begin so early or else does not continue so late or else does not exist in the same forms and fashions as that of Montreal. At any rate, when I arrived there at 8 o'clock in the morning the first available taxicab driver was not certain that he could find any of it and I turned to other forms of amusement as a method of arriving at a starting point for the investigation of liquor control. I found later that the standing amusement of newspapermen in Toronto is trying to see Sir Henry Drayton, Chairman of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario. I, a stranger, had no means of knowing that fact and so resorted, as usual, to the morning paper.

Two items appeared to promise something for that day. The Canadian National Exposition was in full swing, with the Marathon swim scheduled for 10 o'clock. Court was in session and His Lordship Justice Raney was that morning to hand down a decision determining the validity or invalidity of a contract involving facilities for rum running.

Decisions of great legal lights are taken down in shorthand and finally bound in calf for the benefit of generations yet to be. The thrills of a throng at the fair are written in dew on a book of sand and those who would read must follow the pen point as it moves. Trusting the regular reporters to take care of Judge Raney and his important decision, I went to the fair.

The turnstiles showed that somewhat more than 201,000 persons entered the grounds that day. I saw most of them, waded around amongst them for thirteen hours, during which I stretched on the grass, ate a sandwich, smoked a cigar, and dozed. I saw them not only in the sardine formation of the exhibits buildings and amusement pavilions but in all the nooks and crannies into which fairground folk go singly or in pairs or in groups. I snooped around likely looking places for the throwing of empty bottles. I found no bottles. I saw no liquor and smelt none. Not a drunken person could I find or one upon whom the influence of liquor could be detected. I did find one drunken person late that night on one of the main streets of Toronto. He was begging for a quarter to get more. He was the only drunken person that I saw in Ontario, which amounts to one more than I saw in the Province of Quebec. The nearest approach to a drunken person that I saw in French Canada was on a train, in a day coach. He had a bottle, as several others did, but he alone reached the stage at which he needed more air than the coach afforded.

I am not citing these facts as contrasts to prohibition. Men differ a great deal in their ability to see drunken persons in the United States. I think I see fewer than most—possibly because I have no particular zeal either for prohibition or the revision of prohibition, no animus against the law or the drinker, and so see only what I see. Seeing under the same limitations here, I am able to report as a starter that common drunkenness is by no means common in the public places of so much of Ontario as I have so far travelled. With that preliminary remark, I proceed to the Liquor Control Law of Ontario and its application.

THE Liquor Control Law of Ontario came into effect on June 1, 1927. Prior to that, for about ten years, the Province had had prohibition. That prohibition, however, was not defined by the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead. It permitted the sale of 4.4 beer. The percentage, though, is of proof spirits. Reduced to absolute alcohol, it figures down to 2.5 per cent by volume. That is practically identical with 2.75 per cent beer, with which many modificationists in the United States have said that they would be satisfied. The point here is that Ontario had that kind of beer under prohibition.

A point to be borne in mind concerning the repeal of prohibition is that the people of Ontario never directly voted for it. The last time that they voted by direct referendum on that question was in 1924 when, with a vote of a little over 1,100,000, prohibition beat Government control by 34,031. The vote of 1926 by which Government control came in was taken on an appeal to the country by Prime Minister Ferguson and his colleagues on a Government control platform. Other policies were, of course, involved in the campaign. It was a fight with the Conservative candidate favoring government control, much as the Democratic candidate favors it in the United States this year. Despite a very substantial Ferguson majority, the prohibitionists have never admitted that a majority of the people of Ontario want liquor sold under Government control in their Province.

The liquor control law was enacted by the Legislature early in 1927.

CONTRASTED with the almost crystal clearness of the Quebec Statute, the Ontario Act is turgid with English legal repetitions and circumlocutions. Besides, no copies of it are available in Toronto. I was told in the office of the Chairman of the Board that the Canada Law Book Company is printing an annotated edition, a copy of which I could probably buy for five dollars in a few weeks. I might have spared the five dollars but not the few weeks. Finally, at 5 o'clock on the last day of my gathering of material, an official in the Comptroller's office agreed to lend me his copy overnight. I am not quite sure that I understand all of the fine points of the Ontario Liquor Control Law. Insofar as I do understand them, the gist of the law and its application is as follows:

The Lieutenant Governor in Council is empowered to appoint the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, consisting of one, two or three members in his discretion. It has thus far consisted of the maximum of three.

This Liquor Control Board is empowered to license distilleries, breweries and wineries; to purchase liquors; to establish liquor stores, place a vendor in charge of each store and, through him, sell liquor to consumers who hold permits granted by the Board.

A permit is issued to an individual and authorizes him to purchase liquor and to drink it in his residence, the

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address given on the permit. The residence may be a house, a tent or a hotel room. A resident's permit runs for a year. A temporary permit—the kind that non-residents get—runs for thirty days. Special permits are granted to doctors, dentists, veterinarians, ministers of religion, hospitals and druggists. Each permit, except those in two classes of specials, costs $2.

THERE is no legal limit to the quantity of liquor which an individual may buy under his permit. In operation, permits are issued by a vendor supposed to be acquainted with the people who live in the vicinity. It is within his discretion to refuse a permit to any person who for any reason is not to be trusted with liquor. It is also within his discretion, and indeed a part of his duty, to sell to any permit holder only so much liquor as that person can afford to buy. It is the theory that a man solely dependent upon his wages would not be permitted to purchase as much as might be sold without question to a man of larger means. It is the theory, also, that this oversight by the vendor, personally acquainted with the people in the vicinity of the store over which he presides, results in the detection of persons who buy more than they can be reasonably expected to consume and is a tip to enforcement officials that some of the liquor is probably going into illegitimate commercial channels.

If it is shown that a permit holder, by his drinking, wastes his estate or annoys his family or is a nuisance, his permit may be cancelled by the board or suspended by a magistrate. Under such circumstances, such persons may become interdicted. A permit is automatically suspended upon conviction of violation of the law.

No permit may be granted to a person under twenty-one years of age, to an interdicted person or to any keeper, inmate or frequenter of a disorderly house.

As many as four brewers acting together are permitted to establish brewery warehouses, and from them permit holders may buy beer without legal limit as to quantity. The Board places an inspector at each such brewery warehouse.

Wine makers may sell wine directly from their own wineries and purchasers are not required to have permits. Wineries, however, are denied by the law the privilege accorded to breweries of establishing warehouses.

Advertising of liquor is prohibited.

The law purports to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor by the glass. As a fact, the sale of 4.4 beer is permitted in hotels and restaurants, though few of them find enough demand for it to justify them in keeping it. The content is a matter of definition of intoxicant—and the only such matter in the law. This statute is, perhaps, unique in that it contains no definition of whisky, brandy, wine or any other liquor.

The Liquor Control Act does not repeal the Toronto Temperance Act or, of course, the Canada Temperance Act. In any community in which the Temperance Act or local option applies, a liquor store may be established only if twenty-five per cent of the voters petition for it and sixty per cent of the voters cast their ballots in favor of it.

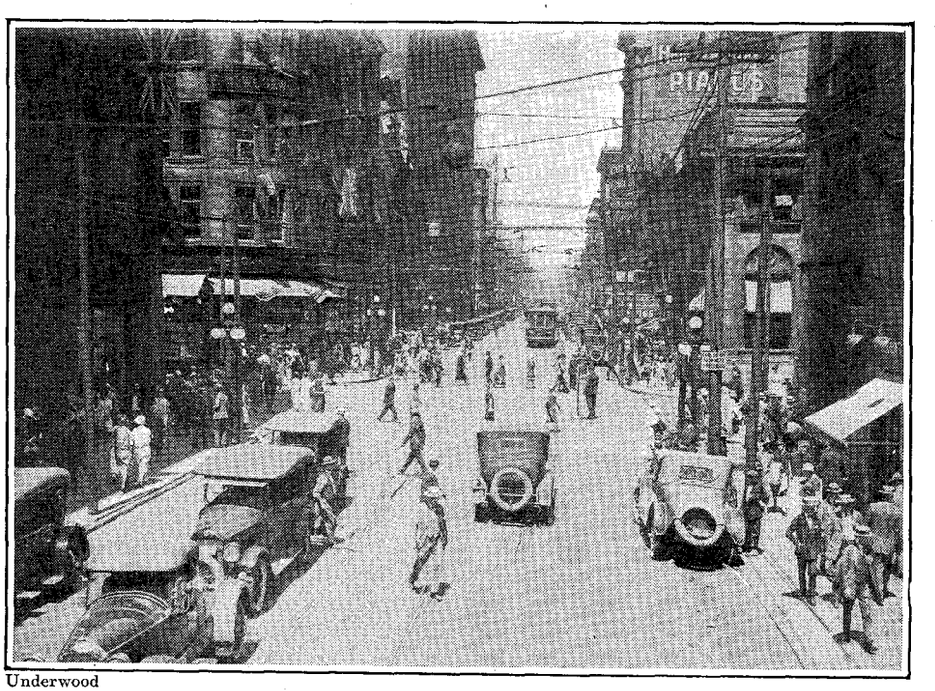
On exactly the same terms, a community may get rid of a liquor store.

The Liquor Control Board has no enforcement machinery. The duties of enforcement rest upon the regular Provincial Police and the Attorney General of the Province.

Prison sentences are mandatory for practically all offenses under the Act. For selling liquor, a first offense cannot be punished by less than two months, or a subsequent offense by less than six months' imprisonment. For selling adulterated liquor, the corresponding minimum penalties are six and twelve months.

WITH only a little more than a year of operation behind it, the law has not yet proved, of course, that it can completely and permanently control the sale of liquor. That it can be operated for the purpose of control rather than for the purpose of sale apparently has been proved. Opinion is practically unanimous that the Board, under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Drayton, is using the law and the machinery of the law to bring about the fullest measure of control that can be attained. Reasonable advocates of prohibition are as ready as defenders of control to give him credit for this. Under his predecessor, it is said that certain features of control were lost sight of in the effort to promote the sale of liquor and the resultant inflow of revenue to the Government. Informed persons who are neither enthusiastically for nor violently against the control policy say that it has really had a fair trial for only about three months.

IT IS not easy to ascertain what success there has been during that period. In painful contrast to the freedom and frankness of the Quebec Liquor Commission, the Liquor Control Board of Ontario is close mouthed. The inquirer can have only the official figures made public several months ago, and if he does not like that he can lump it. It is said that the Chairman personally has a different attitude but access to him is effectually blocked. From the outer office of the Chairman, the spirit of secretiveness spreads to every other office. I thought at first that this punishment might have been brought down upon my head by a crass approach, but



Underwood

YONGE STREET, TORONTO'S MAIN BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE

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I soon found that the resident newspaper men of Toronto fared no better. I think that this situation is mainly due to the presence of a young martinet in the powerful position of Secretary to the Chairman of the Board and I think that it is doing incalculable harm to the policy of liquor control; but I may be magnifying the importance of this person because of what I have seen of his type in Washington. That, under the circumstances, practically everybody in Toronto believes in Sir Henry Drayton seems to me pretty conclusive proof that he is a big man tackling his job with energy and sincerity.

I do not suppose that even if complete figures were available up to the minute anything could be proved by them. Such figures as are available are used by control advocates to prove that there is less drunkenness than formerly and by prohibitionists to prove that there is more. Such is the unreliability of statistics of arrests for drunkenness that both things can be conclusively proved from the same set of figures. This is not peculiar to Ontario. It is true everywhere. On better evidence than figures, however, I am convinced that there is somewhat less drunkenness, in the city of Toronto at least, than there was before control began. With less drunkenness, there is less crime of certain kinds.

Undoubtedly there is more drinking than there was under prohibition and there are those who contend that drinking short of drunkenness produces evil effects. For instance, it appears to be a fact not seriously denied by anybody that the number of automobile accidents has increased. Some defenders of control explain it on the ground of increasing population, larger tourist traffic and the like. Opponents of control attribute it to loss from moderate drinking of the delicate nerve balance necessary for safe motoring.

A longer curve may show as a temporary fluctuation the present increase.

The law as now administered is subject to change and there is little doubt that important changes will shortly be made. Such is the discretion given the Board under the law that regulations made by it and approved by the proper Provincial officials have the same effect as if written in the act itself. The Board is likely to make changes of its own choice and public opinion is likely to bring others about.

Many who approve the conduct of the Control Board in general are inclined to criticise it on the ground that the present system of operation tends to encourage the drinking of spirits and to discourage the drinking of wine. Whisky and other spirits are cheaper in Ontario than in Quebec. Unless the figures have recently been changed, Old Crow whisky, for instance, sells for $3.45 a quart in Ontario and for $4.50 in Quebec. Beer in Ontario is said to be sold at cost to the Government.

The main ground of objection, is that wine is not given equal sales opportunities. It is said that a very large percentage of the people of Toronto who want to drink in moderation dislike visiting a liquor store and carrying home packages. When they do so, they get the package that is least conspicuous which, of course, is not wine but whisky. If wineries were given an equal privilege with breweries of opening branch warehouses, it is said that most of these persons would order wine and have it delivered at their residences.

"Politics" is the answer usually given as to why wine is apparently discriminated against. There are not a few persons who fear the influence of distillers and brewers on the situation. One of the few officials of the Board who talked frankly to me said of the wine situation: "Wine is directly hooked up with the farmer. We used to have a farmers' Government in this Province and wine had special privileges. We haven't a farmers' Government now."

It may be, however, that the attitude of the Board is the reflection of public taste. The people of Ontario are mainly of Scotch, Irish and English stock—wholly different from the people of Quebec and whisky drinkers to a greater extent even than the people of the United States.

Apparent discriminating against wine is the only point, so far as I have been able to ascertain, on which advocates of control are disposed to criticise the operations of the Board. Plenty of criticism comes from other sources on other points.

The prohibitionists, represented by three active organizations in the Province, assert that the bootleg trade has not diminished. I think they are wrong, but that the bootleg trade still exists is undeniable. If it is asserted that there is no room for the bootlegger when everybody may buy legally, the prohibitionist replies that the law itself creates four distinct classes for its own violation—persons under twenty-one years of age; interdicts and persons whose permits have been cancelled; convivial persons who want to drink in company; keepers, inmates and frequenters of immoral houses.

It is asserted that the permit system, since it places no positive restriction on the quantity an individual may buy, enables the bootlegger to get his supplies without difficulty and thus to concentrate his energies on the selling end of his business. That permits are abused and that the supervision of the vendor is not always effective, appear to be undeniable. Quantities endorsed on the backs of some permits that have come into court appear to be beyond the possibility of individual or family consumption. The same individual, too, sometimes has more than one permit. A bootlegger arrested on the Niagara border had twelve permits under as many names and had used all of them.

These are abuses which, as time goes on, may be in the main eliminated. It will always be impossible, in Ontario as elsewhere, to keep all liquor out of the hands of bootleggers. So far as the city trade is concerned, it is not to be doubted that the big bootlegger—the wholesaler—is already practically out of business.

There is another source of supply for the illegitimate trade in Ontario which may be of more interest to Americans, as it is said to be at this moment of engrossing interest to Sir Henry Drayton. It is the cargo liquor which clears legally from Canadian ports ostensibly to be discharged illegally in American ports. Some is frustrated at its destination, and some by original design is "short circuited" back to Canadian ports and Canadian bootleggers. And that brings me back to the beginning of the story and the decision handed down by Justice Raney. It is important because it is said to reflect not only a more determined policy of the Canadian courts but the heart's desire of the new Chairman of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario.

The court was asked to enforce a contract under which two breweries were given the right to use a wharf at Petite Cote on the Ontario side of the Detroit River. There was nothing in the record to show that the business of the breweries was other than a regular export business. But, said Justice Raney, "the court could make that assumption only if it were deaf, blind and idiotic." He assumed, on the contrary, that this was a part of the rum

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"Napoleon IV"

Paris

By EUGENE BONNER

A VISITOR arriving here in Paris these last days of September hoping for an abundance of things musical would be woefully disappointed. However, quiet as things may be in the musicians' camp, the dramatic menu of the moment has some very interesting items on it, and in one special case something quite astonishing.

We refer to the play of Maurice Rostand which has just opened the season at the Theatre de la Porte Saint-Martin, rousing all Paris and narrowly missing becoming an international incident—"Napoleon IV."

It seems quite extraordinary in these days when most of the great nations are doing or pretending to do all in their power to promote good feeling all round, that such a ridiculous and flabby affair as this play of Rostand-The-Little should ever have been produced. The author in a perfect explosion of bad taste insults the memory of a very great Queen, Victoria of England, the last Empress of the French, and the whole race of English people, to say nothing of putting the Prince Imperial himself in a most unfavorable light, though the playwright with his peculiar mental processes would probably not realize the last.

The play deals with the events leading up to and the tragic finish of the Zulu expedition on which the son of Napoleon III and Eugénie insisted on going. Maurice Rostand takes as his thesis the supposed hatred of the English for the French in general, and the family of the great Napoleon in particular. The incident itself is one which quite naturally aroused tremendous indignation when it occurred and the horrid suspicions now publicly sponsored by M. Rostand were bruited about Paris. No one but the most confirmed Anglophobes believed them, however, and eventually the affair was explained to the satisfaction of every one—save M. Rostand.

The play opens in England in the late seventies. The Prince Imperial is having a most romantic love affair with a young girl, Charlotte Watkins, who, however, only knows him as Louis Walter and is entirely ignorant of his real identity. Charlotte has another suitor, a Lieutenant Carey, to whom she confides her secret in response to his importunities of marriage. All she knows about the man she loves is that he is of French origin, though serving as an officer in the English army. Carey warns her against being imprudent, not knowing that it is the Prince Imperial who is involved.

In the second act we see the latter on the point of leaving for South Africa. The Empress Eugénie suddenly appears (this act takes place in the Prince's rooms in London) and endeavors to dissuade him from joining the expedition, but he tells her that it is now too late to reconsider and that he must go. The Empress leaves and Charlotte enters. There is a terrible scene when Louis breaks the news to her of his impending departure, particularly when she learns that he is to be of the Prince Imperial's party, as she fears that there may be some plot involving the latter. He departs without telling her who he really is.

THE FIRST scene of the third act we are in Africa. The Prince and Carey, who is in command of the expedition, have a scene when the latter learns that it is the Prince who is Charlotte's lover, during which the son of Napoleon the Third gives vent to the most extraordinary series of statements. Then the fulfillment of the sinister plot where Carey and the other English officers, acting on orders from Queen Victoria, decamp, leaving the Prince Imperial to be massacred by a lot of musical-comedy Zulus.

In the last scene, Charlotte, who has gone to the Prince's rooms, hears the newsboys calling the extras containing the news of his murder. Buying a copy of the paper which contains a photograph of the Prince Imperial she realizes at last the identity of her lover.

At this moment enters the Empress who has come to take her son's papers from his desk. Follows an amazing scene where Charlotte convinces Eugénie that her son was the victim of a horrible plot and the Empress is about to swear revenge when a band is heard playing "God Save The Queen" heralding the approach of Victoria who arrives to condole with the Empress on the death of her martyred son. Eugénie makes ready to receive the Queen and the final curtain puts a stop to all this idiocy.

The first act wasn't so bad, being written with a certain degree of simplicity, and although facts were pretty well juggled with, there was a naïveté to it all not devoid of charm. If the whole piece had been handled in this vein there would have been little to object to.

With the beginning of the second act matters went swiftly from bad to worse. The scene between the Empress and her son did not once ring true and the lines he made the former speak were enough to have made the unfortunate Eugénie turn in her grave. A character was introduced in this act simply and solely to air the most anti-English sentiments which were wildly applauded by a goodly portion of the audience.

The scene where Carey and his men leave the Prince to his death was so palpably ridiculous that the most ardent friends of "Perfidious Albion" would have been hard put to it to get up any great amount of indignation, while the final scene where the Empress prepares to receive the Queen was really quite amusing.

According to M. Rostand the Empress had the habit of running round London like any woman of the middle classes, popping in and out of her son's garconnière in the most delightfully informal way. As to Queen Victoria, she apparently couldn't even go to pay an informal visit of condolence without her brass band braying away merrily.

IT IS gratifying to know that almost without exception the French press has been unanimous in condemning this pretentious piece of slip-slop. While at first there was the possibility of a complaint being made from across the Channel, it was decided, and wisely, on investigation, that the less notice taken of such a piece of puerility the better, and no representations have been made, nor are likely to be.

The piece is beautifully acted which makes it even so much the poorer. Mme. Vera Sergine as Charlotte and Henri Rolland as the Prince played with a brilliance and distinction which proved that sometimes bricks, or at least a very good imitation, can be made without straw.

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

READERS who have seen this page in The Independent may be greatly surprised when they notice the important changes which, as a merged department, the fine old feature has decided to make. After all, it's not every day a man is amalgamated and combined, and to refuse any concessions at all to such an occasion would seem churlish indeed. Again, new readers might think that the page has always appeared as it now does, and thus the writer might escape proper acknowledgment of his due as an innovator. Very well. He will, then, call to your newly merged attention—for he feels certain that otherwise you would never notice these changes, important though they be—the several alterations he has effected:

To begin with, the proud title of the page now appears in quotation marks. Not that it is cribbed or anything like that—but maybe I'd better tell just how this change was decided upon. It happened this way: Talking to one of the editors, I said, casually, "What about putting quotes around that title?" "Good idea," answered the editor. I sought out another editor. "Have you any objections to putting the title in quotation marks?" I asked him. "None whatsoever," was his quick reply. Well, you can readily imagine that I lost little time in putting the title in quotation marks.

* * * * *

And now about that dash—for there is a dash there, too. To tell the truth, I was about ready to call it a day after putting those quotation marks across. But then I pulled myself together. See here, I said to myself, why not strike them for a dash while you're about it? A dash would be noticed even more than the quotation marks. But hold on—are you going to put it inside or outside? Never thought of that, I suppose? Well, sir, I hadn't. And so I hurried back to the editor.

"I want a dash in front of the title," I announced quietly, "and"—now this was sheer bluff—"I think it ought to go inside the quotes." Strange to say, there was no objection, no trouble at all. One gathered that I might just as well have demanded a half-dozen dashes. "Very well," he said—that was all. Inside or outside, he was willing to be fair and see the other man's point of view. And you can readily believe that it was with no small elation that I sat down and typed off the dash—inside!

*****

As to this name business: modesty is all well enough—if you get the idea—but there is such a thing as overdoing it; it gets to be a vice—if you see the point. Well, anyhow—the name is my own, although an abridgment of my full handle. Not wishing to be long-winded, accordingly, and likewise unable to look with any favor on "C. Walton Morton," I have boiled it down to its above dimensions. And if you'll just say it over a few times—or try shouting it from the housetops—I know you will wonder with me just why I have never trotted it out before this instead of those initials. (Initials are *so* ordinary, don't you think?)

*****

But now to the business of the week. (For, in spite of dashes and quotation marks, the work of the world must go on.) There comes to hand a booklet of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company which appears to be worth your inspection.

"Fall—and the Harvest!" it begins. And right here let me say that although that may sound like golden pumpkins and bursting sheaves when you first read it, that isn't at all the sort of Harvest that B. & L. are talking about. "With the beginning of a new school year 2,000,000 school children (estimated defective vision) and 50% of the students of colleges and universities become immediate prospects. Add to this an ever-growing style-in-glasses movement accentuated by the fall social season—and the opportunities for a *bounteous harvest* will be evident." Bounteous? A bumper crop! Visible supply of defectives a record-breaker, thanks to the generosity of wise old Mother Nature! Don't you feel the tang in the air?

Adverting to the matter of how to sell the "extra pair"—or, as the brochure corrects itself to say the "additional pair"—B. & L. present the findings of their "extra pair contest." Here, we read, "practically all contestants agree that the appeal which is productive of the largest number of additional sales is that of style." And to be stylish, we read on, if you are of non-presbyopic age you need three pairs of glasses at least. If you are an ametropic presbyope, you'll have to have four—or else, of course, step down and let some more stylish presbyope take your place.

A certain E. R. Corey offers a peculiarly fetching *non sequitur* in the "sports appeal" group of argument. "Like 'style'," says the text, "the sports appeal has much dramatic value." And so keenly aware of this circumstance is Contestant Corey that he lets go as follows: "Suggesting an extra pair of glasses for golfing will make a hit with a person even though he doesn't know a mashie from a mid-iron." By which token, then, suggesting an extra plastering trowel to a jockey or a second cruising yawl to a Kansas farmer would likewise "make a hit."

The high spot of the booklet, though, is reached when the proprietors get around to talking about "The Crown." (Yes, there's a "Coronet," too.) "Sound the trumpet!" they begin. "All hail the King of Frames! Let every refractionist welcome this reign of beauty, distinction, and grace."

The "Crown" has lines that are "superb." Its engraving is "exquisite." And the really big thing about it—and which should appeal to any halfway sensible man—is the fact that the little dingus which fits over your nose, "the bridge," "resembles a royal crown!" ("Both are available with the apex oval side cable temple as well as the Formflec and rigid Skulfit temple.)

This new style-in-glasses campaign, it seems to this department, is doomed to failure through a complete oversight on the part of Messrs. B. & L. It's a wonder some alert refractionist hasn't seen the hole in the lens already and called it to their attention. Because when you give the matter a moment's thought, you realize that no man can carry four or five pairs of glasses with the distribution of pockets now offered by tailors. The answer to the whole thing, of course, is specially built-in pockets. The glasses fellows may succeed in making us glasses-conscious but until they succeed in making the tailors pockets-conscious they're not going to get very far.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ANYONE who wonders precisely what the city dweller—the New Yorker, in particular—means by the strain and pressure of modern life, can do no better, it seems to us, than go to the Plymouth Theatre where Arthur Hopkins is presenting "Machinal" and observe the unhappy story of the poor stenographer who supported her mother, married her employer (without love), found love momentarily in a speak-easy, murdered her husband with a bottle and went to the chair for it, completely beaten, because even her lover had betrayed her.

Not that the story is profoundly perceptive; it isn't—although for the most part it is credible. "Machinal" is worthwhile because of its background: its authentic portrayal of life as energy; variously manifested but always ceaseless and remorseless, beating on the individual from within and without.

Caught in this machine—one of its manifestations, obviously, is industry—the whole story of the stenographer, as she struggles for some kind of self-realization, and beats against the walls about her, is put upon the stage in terms of her view of it; of her emotion concerning it, of her thoughts and desires as it presses upon her, and finally of her emotional release from and last despairing querying of it.

The thing is oddly like an unhappy life in a clattering subway, rushing past music, romance, illusion and love on the way to the final destination—but never seizing complete happiness, never finding any real outlet for self-expression: just sitting helpless in the seat, wondering if this is to be all.

EVEN into her bedroom, on her honeymoon night, as she faces a physical marriage with her cheap Rabelaisian husband, come the strains of music from the hotel orchestra; and with the melody appear dancing couples of young people in love, invading the darkening bedroom itself, dancing all about her, epitomizing the ideal and dream she has longed for, sharpening the outlines of the barren thing she has.

The noise of the business office she flees from, the incessant, meaningless laugh of the egotistical husband she cannot escape, the hour of life and emotional release in the arms of her whilom lover, the moment when imprisonment in a marriage which has bought her body and tied her soul becomes no longer bearable—all these things are presented in "Machinal," in a manner oddly compounded of "Strange Interlude," "Liliom" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and possessing an entity all its own.

TO REALIZE just how compelling it is, one needs only to view the Theatre Guild's production of Goethe's "Faust," with its century-old philosophy, its wooden story, its identification of the Devil with Sex, its creaking cumbersome dramatic construction—only made bearable by Lee Simonson's beautiful and imaginative settings—its milk and water Margaret and wholly incredible Valentine.

DUDLEY DIGGES
As Mephisto in "Faust"

For us, Goethe possesses no fascination whatever as a dramatist. And his powers as poet and philosopher are not well served by this particular English translation. Only Mephistopheles comes off well, as ironical and satirical as ever, excellently acted by Dudley Digges. As for the others, it is difficult to believe that they are not about to break into one of Gounod's songs at any minute.

Throughout, sex remains as the very worst thing the Devil can think of (although, as you may remember, he makes a clumsy attempt at producing beasts with alcohol) and in the one example in the story Faust and Margaret's emotion is presented as a sin, despite the obvious fact that she is much nearer St. Cecilia than Venus.

To us, anyway, convincing dissection of the human heart simply isn't in the piece. It is a folk tale dressed in German sentimentality of a past century. Mephisto misses all real deviltry because he doesn't understand human nature well enough to make the most of his opportunities. He is mainly a cynical observer.

"Faust" still remains a wooden folk tale despite the Theatre Guild.

MEANWHILE, we recommend that all and sundry, far and near, spend an evening at "Little Accident," Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell's excellently acted, deftly written comedy. Here are our old friends Laughter and Tears in an Illinois livingroom, a Chicago maternity hospital, and a Chicago boardinghouse room—product, this time, of a very modern but convincing love affair between two unmarried young people with clashing ideas, who cannot escape the fact that they were made for each other, and yet are so bent upon dominating each other that they quarrel at the drop of the hat.

Only the arrival of a baby, after they have separated, brings them together and into the play once more—and poses the problem for them again. Real emotion is present when the girl insists, even now, upon her freedom, and gives the baby to the hospital to be adopted.

"Do you mean to say?" demands the father in effect, "that I have no right to my own child?"

"It isn't yours, unless I say so," retorts the modern young lady.

And the battle is on once more.

We understand that originally Floyd Dell's novel—from which the play was fashioned—dealt seriously with the love of a father for his illegitimate child. We can easily accept the statement. Because beneath all the excellent foolery of the piece, genuine emotion runs. In fact, we defy anyone to resist the moment when the yet unmarried father steals his own child from the cold, machine-like hospital, and runs off with it, to bring up his baby alone in the boardinghouse. "Little Accident" is so far the season's most entertaining comedy.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Dancing Daughters"

EVERY dinner jacket in Hollywood was pressed for service in "Dancing Daughters," and about a million toy balloons were popped during the picture, with appropriate sound effects. Joan Crawford worked her pretty, bobbed head nearly off and Anita Page got convincingly and artistically drunk. Director Harry Beaumont saw to it that no detail was overlooked which might help to make the production big, poignant and significant, insofar, that is, as the scenario permitted. And here Director Beaumont was somewhat handicapped.

The scenario, unfortunately, did not permit much poignancy nor any significance, whatever; so "Dancing Daughters" ended up by being nothing much, except big. It obviously endeavored to prove something or other about the morals of the jazz age, but what that something was, we wouldn't just know. All it proved to us is that Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian and a lot of extra girls have perfectly swell legs, and we knew that anyway. On second thought, however, it may be that "Dancing Daughters" proves one other thing.

It forcibly draws attention to the rotten service dying people get in the movies. Just because the plot has condemned them to death, is that any reason why they should have to lie there, while the other characters stand with averted heads, or buried faces, according to their relations with the deceased? We'll bet fifty per cent of these cases could be revived and live happy and useful lives for years afterward, if someone would just get them to a hospital or even call up the drug store. In "Dancing Daughters" for example, Anita Page does nothing more than fall down a flight of stairs, while drunk. It's a fall that any sound drunk would regard as a mere incident; but Miss Page has to be killed off, because the star is in love with Miss Page's husband; so they don't even feel of her to see if there is a chance. As Al Jolson used to say, "It's too brutal." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Something or Other should be aroused to appropriate action.

That's about all we can think of to say concerning "Dancing Daughters" except that if you'll agree not to take the picture as seriously as it takes itself, we'll recommend it to you, for the beauty of its scenery—and the same vivid quality in its mammas.

"The Fleet's In"

There is a lot of excitement in "The Fleet's In," a lot of pretty good fun and a lot of Clara Bow. Don't misunderstand us; Miss Bow has evidently been spoken to about her weakness for letting the bodypores get plenty of Kleig light. She doesn't take off much more than her hat, nowadays, in

JOAN CRAWFORD and JOHNNY MACK BROWN in "DANCING DAUGHTERS"

front of the camera. When we say "a lot of Clara Bow" we mean that Miss Bow is pretty steadily in view during the showing of "The Fleet's In" and this is a fortunate circumstance for the picture, or for any picture. It's getting so they give Clara Bow real parts now, parts that carry an opportunity to act instead of merely to simper and throw her eyes. She has one in "The Fleet's In"—that of a night hostess who gets a genuine yen on a sailor boy, and we can't think, offhand, of any other screen actress who could have extracted more red blood from the rôle than Clara Bow does.

James Hall is absolutely O.K. as her sea-going boy friend and it seemed to us that all the Navy sequences were excellent in their detail and general essence. Pictures of this sort aren't as easy as they look. The wealth of energy that goes into making one of them must be intelligently directed and intelligently expended, which calls for the services of a smart man with a megaphone. "The Fleet's In" certainly had one—a fellow by the name of Malcolm St. Clair.

"The Night Watch"

If Billie Dove had just gone to her husband, the captain, and explained that she hadn't been able to get off his battleship when it sailed and was, in a word, still on board, everything could have been adjusted with a lot less bother for all concerned and without getting herself in much of a jam, or so we thought. But she has to go and secrete herself in the quarters of a certain lieutenant who is that way about her, and the trouble is on. Not that the developments aren't sufficiently interesting—they are. Not wildly interesting, maybe, but sufficiently.

The interest derives chiefly from the various views in and around a French battleship in action and the quietly efficacious acting of Paul Lukas as Miss Dove's husband. Miss Dove herself is doing far too much mugging of late to draw many compliments on her acting. She has the looks and the experience and when we saw her opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" we thought she would be a world beater; she has now reached a stage in her career where she must either go forward or back; and we feel bound to observe that if she can't think up a few new facial expressions her progress will not be forward. It that be treason to Miss Dove's not in considerable coterie of admirers, they may seek personal satsifaction from this department.

Donald Reed, who looks enough like Wallace Reid to be his brother (or perhaps, time flies so, his grandson) plays the enamored lieutenant much as the illustrious Wallace would have done the job. That is, with a good deal of eyebrow work and an obvious disinclination to get his hair mussed. Watching him, we were transported back to the old days when we didn't think the movies were as good as we think they are now.

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Hot Football Popovers

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

FOOTBALL victories that are unexpected by the general public are commonly known as "upsets" which is without doubt the stupidest term that could be applied to them. I prefer to use the jollier term, "popover," which is not so serious and carries no sting. I have said before that strictly speaking there *are* no "upsets." Favorites are made by mass selection, usually with very little real information on which to form an opinion. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Notre Dame can be beaten anywhere any time. Any Irishman, or any follower of the Rockne cult anywhere in the United States will tell you that. Therefore, when Notre Dame *is* beaten, it becomes an "upset." Rockne himself will be the first to tell you what rot that sort of thinking is. Unfortunately, Rockne is the victim of his own success and his own publicity. He said this season early that he was in for a lot of trouble in replacing his losses of a year ago. I do, however, expect him to have a really high-class eleven in action by the middle of next month. Losing a game to Wisconsin this season, no matter what the score, need not disgrace anybody. The tip on Wisconsin, where Glenn Thistlethwaite is in charge, went out a year ago.

Another thing that seemed to alarm a great many people was the defeat of Michigan by Ohio Wesleyan. It is going to take a lot of time to make a first-class eleven out of Michigan this year, and everybody knew it. Jack Wilce, of Ohio State, can tell any inquirer, and will, that Ohio Wesleyan is likely to be a handful at any time.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of all football alarmists there was no "upset" at West Point. It happened that the cadets won. It would have made no difference had the extremely clever young men from Southern Methodist won. The only possible "upset" in this case would have been a "sticky," uninteresting game. Fortunately, even the general public had all the necessary advance information on this game. It was a toss-up, with the probability that the Southerners' two fine halfbacks, Hume and Reed, would turn on a lot of fireworks in the way of passes.

Army will have an exceptional line from tackle to tackle, only one place to fill in the backfield, and four ends to develop. The real problem, therefore, is not the first eleven, but a second team of sufficient strength to absorb its share of shock action in the course of a season that is expected to be the hardest in the history of cadet football.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Navy, any more than Notre Dame, will be a continuous failure. The Navy has its own problems this season, although the material left over was so good that it does seem it might have made a shade more progress. It seems to be apparent that Bill Ingram is working up his defense first. The material is all there for a hard running and versatile passing attack. Spring is still in action, as are Clifton and Lloyd, and these backs have plenty of sweep and punch in their systems.

ON THE showing at the start it is probable that the Big Three will have high-class teams this year. Especially gratifying is it to find Harvard apparently on the way to a place close to or at the top. The Crimson is blessed with fine material this season, and judging by the start against Springfield, is already well ahead of last year. Harvard is fortunate, too, in reserves. There seems to be a flock of them, so that Arnold Horween may build a fast, hard and versatile offense that can be freshened with considerable regularity, and that is the thing that counts.

Princeton's chances, I confess, I like especially, and shall have a great deal more to say about the Tigers as soon as I see them in action. There is unmistakable evidence of power and co-ordination here. The showing against Vermont was really very good indeed, for Vermont had no ordinary team. Perhaps the best feature of Princeton's opening showing, with its huge total of points was the presence of so many promising sophomores, especially in the backfield. It takes the fiery soph sometimes to stir up the regulars and bring them to life. Behind one of the strongest lines in the country Princeton has an assemblage of backs that would gladden the heart of any coach. Ed Wittmer, Miles, Hack Norman, of course, are familiar figures, and it is pleasant to find Requardt coming up to promise again. Then there are Graham Jones, a first-class punter, and probably the best of the sophomores, Douglas Levick. Bennett, another sophomore, is right up to the class.

Yale we shall learn more about after the Georgia game. The early defense against the forward pass as put on rather cleverly by Maine, was not even ordinary, and there will have to be a big improvement here in a hurry for the Elis will stack up against fast and clever passing probably through the rest of the schedule.

Columbia is to have a better team than some of the pessimists had at first believed. N. Y. U. looks like another in the top class for "Chick" Meehan, and Fordham promises extremely well. Major Cavanaugh has at command quite a group of material from New England, where they turn out good ones, and just the type he delights in coaching. There is power and speed in Fordham. From what I learn close to headquarters, Columbia's line was a little more than satisfactory in its initial showing. Here were aggressiveness, power, and the fruits of the customary careful coaching by Depler and the others in charge of the Morningside forward wall. In the backfield there is also plenty of promise.

For the benefit of those who are still interested in "upsets" I can only say that there will be plenty of them clear into the first week in November, and possibly for some time thereafter. As the season draws on, however, there are fewer and fewer failures to live up to reasonable form. Reasonable form does not always mean public form. Condition is a big factor.

I HAVE been approached many times for tips on football matches. I have none. And when I do have any they will appear in these notes. But without recommendation that they be followed in betting. A good thing to bet, if a man must do it, is a hat or a dinner, or a Pittsburgh stogie, or a bottle of apple-juice. And one last word of warning to the general public: if your best friend, even if he has just been talking to the coach or the trainer or the rubber or the fifth assistant gatekeeper, tells you he has absolute inside dope, show him the door, and thereby avoid an "upset." Stick with the popovers and have a good time. It's a game, you know.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

By Bread Alone

Civilization by Clive Bell: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Recent Gains in American Civilization, by various authors, edited by Kirby Page: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

The Twilight of the American Mind, by Walter B. Pitkin: Simon and Schuster.

A LINE of reading which started a week or so ago with Robert Lynd's admirable and wise article in the September "Atlantic," "Why Literature Declines," has culminated in Julien Benda's book, "The Treason of the Intellectuals," which Ernest Boyd will discuss next week. From the article to the book is not a very far cry in subject matter since both deal, from different angles, with the disappearance from our modern world of the sense of spiritual values. And between the two have come the books listed above.

Clive Bell explains quite clearly what civilization is not, a little less clearly what it is, and with inevitable vagueness, how it can be made, if it is wanted. His idea is that "a Sense of Values and Reason Enthroned are the parent qualities of high civilization," and nobody who stops to think about it can dispute him. And he goes on to discover the offspring of those characteristics in all the civilizations which he considers "paragons." And the reader can see for himself that a civilization grown from those two qualities will be one where the critical attitude toward life, so little seen today, will be general, where truth and justice will flourish, where men will know that their kingdom is not of this material world where "things are in the saddle," nor of a future celestial world where Lazarus can thumb his nose at Dives, reversing the earthly picture throughout an eternity of golden streets, but of a spiritual world, here and now, where truth and beauty reign. And that we have not such a civilization now must be pretty plain to any one. Clive Bell is a master at writing lightly of serious things. His ideas as expressed in this book are not controversial, although in the past he has found many to disagree with his opinions on art and life. He writes with wit and a sort of easy charm that should help readers usually disinclined for serious reading to enjoy his book.

Any symposium of opinions is like a chain, strong only as its weakest link. And the collection of papers on "Recent Gains in American Civilization," weakened at the start by what might be called the paradoxical nature of its title, is, in content, only as strong as, let us say, Rockwell Kent's essay on "New Influences in Art," which is charming and meaningless. Mary Austin's paper on American literature was the first that we read. It is interesting but over erudite for the general reader. Her preoccupation with American themes and American rhythms has interfered with her search for the more universal elements in contemporary writing, consequently she takes a more optimistic view of the situation than she might have done if she had been looking for something larger. However, optimism is the keynote of the book, as of all good American books. Some of the writers comment ruefully upon that fact, notably John Dewey, writing on education, and Norman Thomas trying to discover "Advances in the Quest for Peace," and Harry F. Ward, contributing a paper on "Progress or Decadence?" says in his summary of the other contributions that "those reviewers of our contemporary life have reported to us some advances; but they give the impression of having had heavy going," as indeed they do. His essay and that of Paul Arthur Schlipp, a near-Spenglerian, who debates the value of western civilization, are the most significant in the book. Mr. Ward finds that "the essential characteristic of that manner of living which in the past has been in common usage called civilization—is unity" and that this "sense of status and obligation" which unity implies is precisely what is lacking from what we call American civilization. And Professor Schlipp deplores the fact that since materialism throws "the emphasis on that which may be human but which is not the primary—fact in human life" man, under a materialistic civilization does inevitably "refuse to acknowledge the one fact in his life which lifts him out of the realm of mere things." These two papers lend weight to a collection of essays which would without them be simply the earnest efforts of men habitually more distinguished for honesty than for determined optimism to put the best face on a poor situation. They may be with profit and interest read in connection with Clive Bell's book.

A brief glance at Walter B. Pitkin's book will be enough to shake the faith of the most ardent looker-on-the-bright side-of-things. The theme of it is the future of intelligence in America. It is the tabulation of a series of intelligence tests, an individual's findings therefrom and his theories based on those findings. The trouble is not with

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harpers. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26.

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. The end of the grand story of the Forsytes. Reviewed August 1.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. Proof that this poet's talent was not a flash in the pan of youth. To be reviewed later.

Adventures of an African Slaver, by Captain Canot, edited by Malcolm Cowley: A. & C. Boni. This lively story of true adventure will please most readers. Reviewed July 25.

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols. Although by no means as fine as Beveridge's "Marshall," this is an important book. Reviewed October 3.

Disraeli, by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

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the facts, which are presumably accurate, but with the conclusions. If you accept Mr. Pitkin's definition of intelligence, you *may* accept his prophecies for what they are worth. But you *can* accept his definition and still not agree with him. It seems to us his book is an apt if unwitting illustration of one of the characteristics of the modern mentality which Clive Bell and the contributors to "Recent Gains" would deplore. Apparently even those whom he describes as the "Best Minds" and with whom Mr. Pitkin may be supposed to be classed are unable to see the wood for the trees—the Truth for the Facts.

Mr. Pitkin foresees a future in which the possessors of the "Best Minds," finding that work is not given to the most intelligent but to the stupidest man who can manage to do it, will starve. If that happens, we may hope that those men endowed above their fellows with all that a "Best Mind" implies, that is, a sense of values and a love of reason, those men to whom we should be able to look for the spiritual guidance which men have a right to expect from their superiors, will give over their clamor for recognition and success and know that neither men nor civilizations can live by bread alone.

From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad" published by The Studio Ltd.

OATS

A woodcut by C. W. Taylor

A Scientist Looks at Religion

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Science in Search of God," by **Kirtley F. Mather.** Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

SINCE the rise of modern science there has been an almost continuous warfare between scientists and theologians. And the victories have been with the scientists. Again and again the theologians have chosen to make their stand and have been completely defeated. The earth is not the centre of the universe; the higher criticism does give truth about the Scriptures; man is biologically related to the animals. All this and much more the reasonably well educated man of today believes and believes because science tells him so. Theology has fallen into disrepute. A respectable section of the public has come to expect that science will completely overthrow religion, that it will be able to explain all things including life, man and mind in mechanical categories; that there will be no need for the hypothesis of God.

But this outcome does not seem so probable as it did a generation ago, or even four or five years ago. True scientists are beginning to recognize that their method has its limitations, that there are things which cannot be measured on scales. Increasingly scientists are dissatisfied with mechanistic materialism as an explanation of all things. Professor Millikan, Professor Bragg (in his recent address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science), Professor Eddington and a dozen others are pointing out that the way of science is not the only approach to reality. The mood of science is changing. The old dogmatism is disappearing. There is a growing friendliness toward religion on the part of scientists to match the obviously growing friendliness of theologians toward science.

"Science in Search of God," is a noteworthy example of this trend. Written by a thorough scientist, a Professor of Geology at Harvard University, this book deals with the relations between science and religion with the utmost fairness and good humor. The author believes that "it is far more difficult for us to think of the universe as a result of chance or accident than it was for the patriarchs of olden time." As a scientist he says frankly that the theologians have been so often defeated because they have fought not as the champions of real religion, but as defenders of outworn and faulty science. He finds that there is no real conflict between religion and science because their aims are different. Science aims to describe completely the universe in which we live, while religion searches for the most abundant and worthwhile life which man may possess in such a universe. Religion deals with values. He points out how science is continuously giving up old beliefs and how this is acclaimed as a great victory, while when the theologian gives up an old belief it is hailed in many quarters as a "defeat for religion." To quote, "The 1927 model of the atom as depicted by the up-to-the-minute physicist is as unlike the 1917 model as the 1927 automobile is unlike the car of a decade before." Just now science in fact is in process of making as fundamental changes as any which religion has been called upon to make.

Thus this scientist believes that science today points toward theism. He is convinced that it points to God as spirit, a God who is transcendent and not exhausted in his creation. Moreover, he finds a place in the world for freedom, for he says . . . "each organism does in some way . . . choose from certain limited potentialities of existence those which shall for it be realized as actualities." He finds that the Christian has a right to assume that Jesus shows us the true character of the Administration of the universe, for this is an assumption which can be

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tested scientifically in actual life. He finds, too, that prayer has a place in a scientist's religion, for it not only reacts psychologically to benefit the one who prays, but it also puts at the disposal of the Transcendental Spirit a tool which otherwise he would not have. In a word, Professor Mather finds that the basic concepts of religion, such as God, freedom and man's communion with God, are not only legitimate, but increasingly inevitable in a world of science.

Here is a book which is significant. It is written by a man who can not only think deeply but can express those thoughts with precision and clarity. The style has charm. It can be read through in an evening and no new book will give a more profitable one.

Dreiser as Poet

By J. DANA TASKER

"Moods Cadenced and Declaimed," by Theodore Dreiser. Horace Liveright.

FEW books boast as accurate a title as does "Moods Cadenced and Declaimed." And what is even more startling, neither Mr. Dreiser nor Mr. Liveright anywhere in the volume attempts to justify these words and lines as authentic poetry. These are moods, and nothing more. Sometimes they are cadenced, but more often they are only declaimed. Surely, one would expect a great novelist to shape his moods into words. Here are the "in-between" moments, aspects of a private life. The form in which these moments are recorded is something less than good or even acceptable verse—something more or at least something different from good prose. Mr. Dreiser has found expression through a use of language that is unfamiliar; and although that invented form is by no means powerful enough to be set up as a fine standard, in this case it is quite satisfactory.

The subjects are widely diversified. They vary from semi-lyrical descriptions of city, town and countryside to abrupt, dramatic exclamations on emotional and mental attitudes. One of the most interesting studies is "The Far Country," in which the author deplores satiety and yearns again for the hunger and the poverty, for the inconsequence and the loneliness of youth. "The Passing Freight" indicates the imagination of a man who is used to observing life carefully and thoughtfully:

Out of the mystery
And meaninglessness of things
And into it again;
A train bearing cotton
With thunder and smoke
And a flare of fire,
Yet bearing that
Which is nothing more than an idea . . .

A good many of Mr. Dreiser's moods are as charming as these two. His book contains much pleasant reading and, doubtless, there is a real demand for a new edition.

A Backward Look

By RUTH SUCKOW

Goodbye Wisconsin, by Glenway Wescott. Harper & Bros.

"GOODBYE Wisconsin!" It is the cry of middle western youth — inordinately self-conscious, nostalgic and rebellious, both more sophisticated and more mistaken than its elders. Not only the opening semi-autobiographical sketch to which it is specifically given, but the stories themselves in Mr. Wescott's book are an expansion on this title.

It is a cry which, with variations upon the word Wisconsin, has been uttered in many degrees of exultance, hope and bitter defiance. Nevertheless, in its full self-consciousness, it is a dangerous cry for young aesthetes; and, if the stories in this book are any criterion, Mr. Wescott has already run into some of those dangers.

But to leave the stories, and to take up the little sketch—for in this new volume, in contrast to his fine novel "The Grandmothers," it is Mr. Wescott's customary philosophical treatise upon America, and not his fiction itself, which is most interesting and significant: it is, in its evident desire to break the old roots forever, and to leave behind, in the author's own words, "my origin and my prejudices and my Wisconsin," by all odds the most provincial thing that Glenway Wescott has ever written. In this sketch the author, comparatively unapparent in his earlier books, suddenly enters in the rôle of a well-known local character: the one elegant and artistic youth of the small town returned from travel, once in a high collar and now in a Basque *beret*, and offering comment.

There is a difference, of course. For this particular youth is a wise youth, and a youth of incontrovertible talent. Nevertheless, he fits into the rôle. His comments are remarkably right, but their tone is all wrong. It is as if, in gaining that well-famed "perspective" which young Americans offer as their first excuse for going to Europe, the perspective had lengthened into the vision of the small end of the telescope Mr. Wescott's comment has become alien. In fact, it has become considerably more alien than that of a good many European visitors to America. It is fraught now with a distaste that mitigates its wisdom and that makes it, in a sense, irrelevant. Here is something of the impatience and something of the superiority affected by so many of the Americans who seek in Europe what they feel is lacking in their own country. Strangely, whatever Europe may give them, it seems to destroy their own understanding of America. It is something of this spirit—or lack of spirit—which Mr. Wescott betrays.

The short stories in this volume are merely by-products of Mr. Wescott's talent. They lack in a curious way the richly poetic style of his two novels Excellent and even profound in scattered passages, these stories have a lack of body which is disappointing. They attempt much; but scarcely a one of them lives up to its promise or quite makes its point—some because they are too tenuous in their conception, and others because they are first of all intellectual suppositions that lack human finality. There is a lifelessness about them, in contrast again with the moving intensity of Mr. Wescott's novels, as if the material itself had acted upon a deadened sensitivity. They, too, are "Goodbye Wisconsin." For better or for worse, Mr. Wescott has finished with his old environment. This volume is a backward look.

In the interests of concord and clarity it must be explained to readers that the editor of this department and Mr. Ernest Boyd, whose papers on Books and Writers will follow these pages, disclaim responsibility each for the other's opinions and comments. Mr. Boyd will continue, as he has in The Independent, to select his own subjects for discussion. And the editor of this department, with the kind assistance of Mr. Brooks, who will continue picking at random, and of other reviewers, will tell readers something about the new books.

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

FEW subjects, I suppose, have been more frequently, repetitiously and ineffectively thrashed out than that of censorship. Almost every living author of any prominence has at one time or another expressed an opinion on some specific instance of censorship or on the question in general. George Moore, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells in England, H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser and James Branch Cabell in America at once occur to the mind. All of these gentlemen have directly suffered from what they regarded as the indefensible action of some censor, and that, if I mistake not, is a reason why the professional guardians of our literary morals would dismiss their testimony as biased and not disinterested. Once, in fact, in a public debate with Mr. John S. Sumner, I had the pleasure of being accused of bias because I was professionally interested in publishing and journalism. That Mr. Sumner's Society for the Suppression of Vice likewise involved him professionally did not seem to have crossed his mind.

If Mr. Sumner is disinterested and impartial, whereas all authors are not, what is to be said for two lawyers, Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, who have just issued a work entitled "To the Pure . . . A Study of Obscenity and the Censor" (Viking Press)? Does the mere publication of this book disqualify them from speaking with that divine objectivity which is possessed by Mr. Sumner and his associates, but which all publishers, authors and journalists lack? A cynic might hasten to assure him that neither of these learned jurists has been transformed into a literary man, if the style and arrangement of this work are to be the test.

But one is entitled to ask of the legal mind that it shall be accurate, and that is certainly not a virtue of the chapter on "The Subterranean Censorship." The writer of this chapter purports to give an account of the manner in which the great English circulating libraries exercise a censorship over current literature. The story has been told many a time and oft, notably by George Moore, who is the central figure of the chapter itself. However, where Mr. Moore is accurate, the chapter is not. It is true that the tyranny of the old three-volume novel placed a novelist at the mercy of the libraries, as the books were too expensive for most private individuals, and it is true that Mr. Moore was largely instrumental in effecting the change from the three volume to the one volume form of the novel today.

WHERE Messrs. Ernst and Seagle err is in this: Mr. Moore did not publish "A Mummer's Wife" in 1883, and he did not publish "A Modern Lover" in the now popular one-volume format, in defiance of Mudie's Library. The facts are the reverse. "A Modern Lover" was published in 1883, in three volumes, and is the first and only novel of George Moore's to appear in that format. In 1885 "A Mummer's Wife" appeared in one volume and broke the tradition of three volumes, and was a bid for direct public support at a price which was one fifth of what was then the regular price of fiction. It was after that innovation that Mr. Moore wrote his celebrated pamphlet, "Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals," whose title is incorrectly given both in the text and the bibliography. If the authors had read that pamphlet they would know that it was "A Modern Lover" and not "A Mummer's Wife" against which two ladies in the country had protested to Mudie. Finding this familiar story so inaccurately reported, I naturally wonder to what extent the authors speak of matters of which they apparently have no first-hand knowledge. For instance, is it not rather misleading to say that "The Rainbow," by D. H. Lawrence, is an instance of a book that was suppressed in England but allowed to circulate freely in America? The American edition was expurgated and passages deleted which caused the English authorities to take action.

Messrs. Ernst and Seagle rehearse all the well-known facts of the case against censorship, the contradictions, injustices, absurdities and the variations in procedure. They tell us that a book may circulate in German while the English translation is suppressed, that a work which is pronounced "obscene" one year may be pronounced "pure" a year later, and so forth. In brief, they prove with a wealth of detail that censorship is idiotic in practice and untenable in theory, since it is impossible to give a definition of obscenity. Against this it might be argued that it is equally impossible to give exact definitions of many words connotating ideals and emotions which have powerfully swayed the human mind. Patriotism may cover a multitude of sins, but it is none the less a concept which cannot be disposed of by asking what it means, or pointing out that its manifestations are various and contradictory. In the last analysis, one's definition of obscenity is largely a matter of education and experience. The Venus de Milo is not obscene, but will appear so to a yokel who sees only the nude form of a woman. The authors insist that the testimony of literary men cannot be invoked as "expert" when a work of literature is on trial, because æsthetics is not an exact science. Assuredly critics have disagreed as often and as stupidly as other folk, but the demand for so-called expert literary testimony is not unreasonable, for it is a demand that persons be heard who have enough knowledge and experience of the question at issue to speak with authority.

IT IS, of course, exasperating to people of intelligence when the yokel point of view triumphs, and that is almost always the case when the work of an artist is challenged by those whose opinions represent an inferior state of development. But the only remedy, if such it can be called, is to try to increase the number of civilized minds. How that can be done, I leave the optimists to determine. Censorship will always represent the average conventional opinion. To examine its vagaries and point out its inconsistencies is equivalent to studying fashions in clothing. At the present moment a woman's knee is not regarded as an immodest exhibition, but if a girl were to argue twenty years ago that she had a perfect right to display her knees, she could not complain if she were misunderstood. One short dress may be "lewd" and "lascivious," two million are not.

Messrs. Ernst and Seagle seem to be of this opinion, and I suppose they would claim that a survey of the censorship and all its works is one of the best ways of educating the public to take a more rational view of all matters relating to sex. I am afraid that my optimism does not extend so far.

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Mergers - Chains - A New Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

AS their productions have been achieving greater taste and sophistication, the motion picture companies have themselves been growing more and more respectable. The latest upward step in their social progress is the joining of the interests of the Radio Corporation of America with those of Keith-Albee-Orpheum and the Film Booking Office (FBO). This brings the tremendously important financial powers behind the Radio Corporation right into the motion picture business.

The form of the combination is not yet known but its primary purpose seems to be to insure a market for the Radio phototone apparatus. Officials of the Radio Corporation have been convinced for some time that its equipment for the synchronization of sound and movies is the best in the field and that its engineers, with the backing of General Electric, Westinghouse and American Telephone, will maintain the pre-eminence.

The apparent popularity of the talking picture made close business relations between the movie companies and the Radio-General Electric-American Telephone group inevitable but the Messrs. Zukor, Lasky *et al* may not have realized what a commanding position in Hollywood these conservative organizations might take. If they compete vigorously with the groups that control the biggest movie companies now it is not impossible that before long Will Hays, if he keeps his job, will be exercising his tsaristic powers not over Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle and William Fox but over W. S. Gifford, General Harbord and Owen D. Young.

FRANK R. KENT, the political expert, has recently pointed out that the average citizen of the United States usually is not against big business. He is for it. The ownership of a few shares of a utility company or a railroad is enough to put him into strong opposition against governmental interference. It was inevitable, nevertheless, that the success of huge combinations should draw the fire of some politicians, who still like to twist the tail of big business with no more reason for suspecting it of sinister monopolistic practices than its size.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa persuaded the Senate to order a Federal Trade Commission investigation of chain store methods, and North Carolina has laid a special tax on companies which operate more than five stores in that State. It is unlikely that either the national Government or the States will take any severe measures against chains but the agitation against these big combinations is interesting because it raises again the question as to how destructive to individual merchandising businesses the chains will be. In passing, however, it should be noted that since these lines were first written the North Carolina legislation noted above has been declared unconstitutional.

CHARLES R. WALGREN, president of a chain of drug stores, writes in "Nation's Business" that "there is, and will be, ample room for the live, progressive, independent merchant using modern methods in location, the selection of stock, arrangement of fixtures, training of personnel and co-operation with other independents."

The independent has the opportunity, he continues, "to keep his hands on the supervision of the store, an intimate touch that can be made a big factor in building up a substantial business. Our business, so far as prices are concerned, does not hurt the independent drug store in the least provided it is operated on Twentieth Century methods."

Commenting on this statement, Merryle Stanley Rukeyser states that the "real struggle is not between independents and chains, as such, but between the old order of inefficiency and the new order of scientific merchandising. . . . Chains best lend themselves to the exploitation of standard, stable articles, whereas in matters of style, personal taste and individual artistry, such as tailoring, dressmaking and millinery, the single unit merchant, who can sell his own personality and capacity for service, is still pre-eminent and is likely to remain so."

Everything Mr. Walgren and Mr. Rukeyser have said may be so but it looks as though the independents were due for a worse beating at the hands of the chains than they have received already. The number of "live, progressive merchants" who have the capacity to operate on what Mr. Walgren conceives to "Twentieth Century methods" is not large. If the individuals are to be limited to Mr. Rukeyser's fields of "style, personal taste and individual artistry," their retreat has hardly started. The individual who has built up a profitable business through quality of product and service to customers, acquiring a real reputation for himself, has generally eluded the pinch of competition.

THE New York Produce Exchange is about ready to open its floor to trading in securities that have hitherto been traded in "over the counter," in the unlisted market.

Several factors were responsible for this development. One was the catalogue of the unfair practices, of which a few firms were guilty, in the unlisted market which was published last spring by the New York State Attorney General's office. Another was the desire of the Produce Exchange to earn commissions for its members and try to build up another organized securities' market.

The Produce Exchange undoubtedly can supervise effectively the trading on its board but it is highly doubtful if this will mean any serious abatement of the old evils in the unlisted market. Dealers who issue false quotations to the public and to their clients will keep their securities out of the new market. In all likelihood, there will always be a good deal of trading "over the counter."

It is also doubtful whether many of the securities which have been in the unlisted market are suitable for trading on an organized exchange. The small outstanding supply of many of the issues is an enticing invitation to the creation of "corners" and it is extremely difficult to maintain a market in a security which may change hands only once every two weeks.

But the listing of a security on an exchange does furnish a certain protection to its holders and it will be gratifying if the Produce Exchange's experiment turns out a success.

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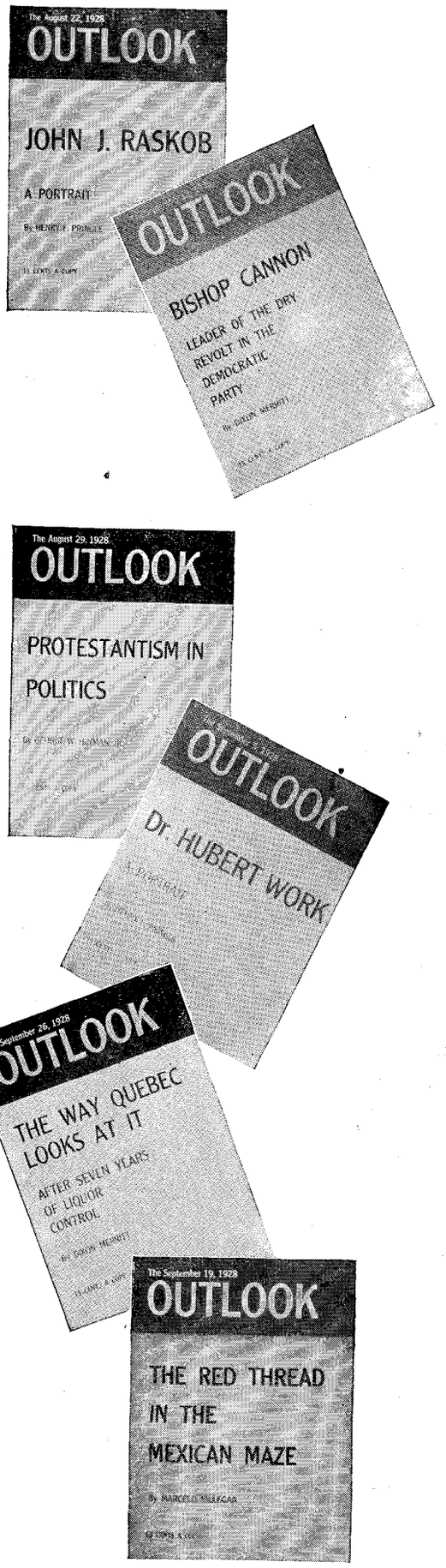

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE International Exhibition of Ceramic Art at the Metropolitan Museum claimed our attention the other day. You may wonder, unless you are particularly interested in this sort of thing, why you should care to hear anything about it. It may not have occurred to you that you undoubtedly possess a good many examples of ceramic art yourself, strewn about the house on tables and mantels and stacked on the shelves of your china closet. So that after all, if you have so much as one plate or bowl or vase which you have bought not for utility alone, but because you liked the looks of it, you are interested in ceramics.

This is one reason why we wish to call your attention to this show, which, sponsored by the American Federation of Arts, will be taken to museums in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Detroit, Newark and Pittsburgh during the coming year. It is the first of a series of industrial art exhibitions which the Federation expects to hold, and we believe it to be of considerable interest, as fostering public recognition of the value of art in life, and as showing that art can manifest itself in the things we use every day as well as in painting and sculpture.

The show itself is intended for the layman—in which fact appears our license to write about it, since we are neither art critic nor potter. And the thing that struck us most forcibly was that although everything shown is modern, in almost nothing is there any of that nightmare quality which "modernism" sometimes implies. Half a dozen countries are represented, and in our opinion the Americans form as interesting a group as any. We spare you any descriptions of individual pieces, and content ourself with showing you pictures of two which we liked. The bowl is larger than it looks in the picture, being about six inches high.

Courtesy of the American Federation of Arts, Department of Industrial Arts, N. Y. City.

EARTHENWARE BOWL
Designed and Executed by Dorothea Warren O'Hara

WE COULDN'T to save our life construct anything with tools, and we have no more mechanical ability than an aardvark, so that we are not able to talk very intelligently about a book which we wish to call to your attention: "Model Airplanes; How to Build and Fly Them." But if you have a boy who is interested in flying—and most boys are today—we think he'd get a lot of fun out of building some of these models. He would also absorb in the process the fundamental principles of flying.

Two types of model are described: racing models and facsimile models. The former are not patterned after any existing full size planes, but are built simply to stay in the air as long and to travel as fast as possible. Specifications and directions for building five of these are given. Of the facsimile models—which are also built to fly—six are described, four of them 36 inch models of Bleriot, Fokker, de Haviland and Curtiss planes, a 36-inch Spirit of St. Louis, and a 54-inch facsimile of the NC-4. The instructions are complete, and there are a great many diagrams. The book is recommended by the Boy Scouts of America.

FOR some time we have been gazing with mild interest at those little electrical machines that have a belt attached to them which vibrates and massages any portion of the person that you apply it to. We don't know much about the value of vibratory massage, except that a barber once cured a bad headache for us in less than ten minutes with a vibrator. But if it is a good thing in certain cases—faulty circulation and so on—we should think that these belt machines would about fill the bill. They're used very widely for reducing, of course. But that doesn't interest us. Our figure may not be perfect but in our view to reduce any of its characteristic bulges would be to render us unrecognizable to our friends. We prefer individuality to beauty any day—in ourself. And if we reduced we'd have to buy a complete new wardrobe. Still, perhaps you don't feel the same way about it. So we will tell you that while we haven't inspected many of these machines, the Tower Exerciser seems to us to be a pretty good one. It doesn't weigh much, it is quiet in operation, and it has two belts—a wide one for the body and a narrow one for the arms and legs—which can be detached and laundered—the belts, not the arms and legs; we believe it is preferable to launder *en masse*. We don't see why, if you're too busy or too lazy to get enough exercise, one of these affairs wouldn't pep you up considerably.

VERY reasonable are some hand-loomed panels which Macy is selling, and very good looking. Old Gothic designs on red, blue or brown grounds, and hand loomed in France, from eighteen dollars up.

We have seen chintz printed in a Godey design which can be used to advantage in rooms of that period. The chintz is both glazed and unglazed.

HERE'S a thing we're going to have if we ever get a country house. A brass or bronze disc, marked with the points of the compass, to be set in porch floor, or in the hearth of the living room fireplace. They come from 5¾ to 17¼ inches in diameter. We are never able to orient ourself properly in the country, and an indicator of this kind should be not only decorative but useful.

Courtesy of the American Federation of Arts, Department of Industrial Arts, N. Y. City.

POTTERY PLATE
Designed and Executed by Hunt Diederich

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EDWARD I. EDWARDS, U. S. Senator (N. J.) says:—

In November
PLAIN TALK
Just Out!

"Anyone who supports the Anti-Saloon League is a bigot or a damned fool"

Corrupt, brutal, hypocritical, vicious—the Anti-Saloon League bludgeons presidents, judges, cabinet members and presidential nominees of both parties into compliance with its sinister aims, according to Senator Edwards. His amazing revelations may, conceivably, affect the balance of the coming election. What can be done? Every intelligent voter *must learn the facts* from Senator Edwards' authoritative article in *November Plain Talk*.

GEORGE DORSEY, (author of "Why We Behave") says:—

In November
PLAIN TALK
Just Out!

"There is no such thing as racial culture or a Nordic Civilization"

Is there such a thing as race? How much does heredity count for? Is alleged Nordic supremacy a groundless philosophy?

Who writes more convincingly, instructively, entertainingly than George Dorsey when he deals with human behavior?

In *November Plain Talk,* Mr. Dorsey establishes more firmly his stand on the Heredity *vs.* Environment, debate, begun in "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

LINCOLN STEFFENS, (world-famed political authority) says:—

In November
PLAIN TALK
Just Out!

"Business Ethics are Immoral in Politics"

Mr. Steffens explains that a scoundrel need only be charming to disarm all enemies. In the course of a delightful true story of American politics, in *November Plain Talk,* Mr. Steffens makes many astute observations such as the heading of this paragraph. To learn how city politics works, read "Getting Old Bill Devery".

NEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

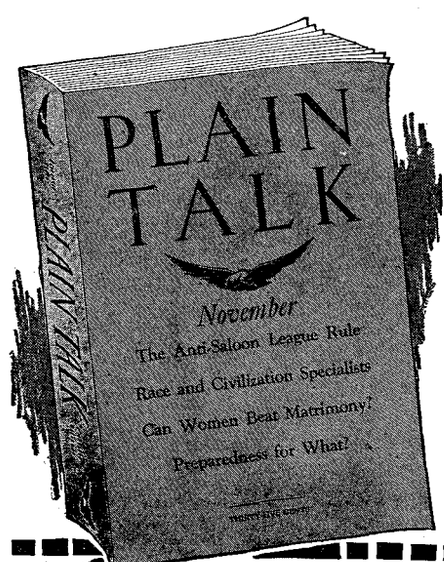
Of Interest to Women

November Plain Talk presents the last word on several intimate topics of special importance to women. Every woman will be intensely interested in: —"Fashion Buying in Paris," "The Ladies Run Religion," "And We Marry These Women!" "Can Women Beat Matrimony?" "Hymenology," by valued contributors and "Freedom for Women," by *Plain Talk's* Editor.

Additional November Contents

In addition to Senator Edwards' merciless exposure of the Anti-Saloon League and the other articles of vital importance mentioned above, *Plain Talk* offers the following piquancies in its *November* bill of fare:

The High Cost of Dying..Stephen G. Clow
Once in the Ozarks.....Agnes Holmquist
Aphorisms.....John C. Hammond
Jail Hill.....Leonard Cline
Preparedness for What?
Capt. Robt. Ginsburgh, U.S.A.
"Ex Cathedra".....G. D. Eaton
The Court of Books.....The Editor
Back Talk



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Bride of the Wind

A Legend of the Flanders Country

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS
Illustrated by ARNOLD HALL

SHE was beautiful and blonde and young and her name was Griete. So fair was this maiden that one day when the king's son passed her father's mill he fell deeply in love with her and Griete too lost her heart to the comely youth with his gentle ways. But a prince may not meet a miller's daughter save only in secret; moreover, Griete's grasping father had long since planned to marry her to a rich flour merchant of Holland.

No sooner did the miller discover his daughter's innocent dreams than he set a wedding date and sent to Rotterdam for her elderly fiancé. But in those days the journey by sea from Rotterdam to the River Lys was by no means swift, so the maiden cast unpleasant thoughts from her mind and continued to receive her royal lover in secret, until one cloudy morning she woke to realize that the day for the arrival of the Hollander's ship was close at hand.

Hurrying down to the banks of the gray river she stretched forth her fair hands to the soaring sea-gulls.

"Oh, gulls!" she begged, "cast the ominous shadow of your great wings over this ship that it be wrecked."

But the gulls paid no heed.

Kneeling on the bank, she gazed long over the white-capped waters.

"Oh, giant fish!" she implored, "lash the hull of this Hollander's ship with your mighty tails that he may sink to the bottom of the sea."

But the fish went on about their business.

Then, raising her white arms toward the scurrying gray clouds the maiden cried:

"Oh, Wind, Wind, Wind that I will love with all my heart if you but hear my prayer, blow upon the sails of this stranger that he may never reach these shores to claim me for his bride."

Flattered by the attention of so fair and so gentle a lady, the Wind blew—

THE HOLLANDER'S SHIP

KNEELING ON THE BANK, GRIETE GAZED LONG OVER THE WHITE-CAPPED WATERS

and so strong did he puff and so fierce did he bellow that the Hollander's bark was forced from the Flemish coast and backwards all the way to Rotterdam, where the terrific gale compelled the hated fiancé to abandon his journey entirely.

Griete was saved. But quite without her knowledge, she had made a promise and now the wind came to exact it. To be sure, she remembered that before he consented he had demanded something, but the arms of the mill were turning so noisily, doors and windows rattling so violently and the wind's own voice roaring so loud in her delicate ear, that she understood not a word and merely promised blindly all he seemed to ask. Too late, alas! Just as she believed herself free for her princely lover, the wind now came to claim her as his bride.

"You promised!" he roared, striving to be amiable, and sadly the girl agreed. What else could she do? For she was a good girl, and a promise was a promise. With a sigh she put thoughts of the prince away and turned to greet this new lover whom she had so thoughtlessly chosen for her own.

At the nod of her blonde head, the Wind leaped upward in delight, turning somersaults and cutting such capers in the air that all good folk scurried for shelter. Every morning through Griete's window fell a bouquet as huge as a young tree, flowers plundered from neighboring gardens by her tempestuous lover. Did she chance to mention a villager she disliked, instantly the fellow's hat was snatched from his head and tossed to the clouds, and his hair or even his head itself might have followed had the alarmed maid not intervened.

But though Griete had given her promise, she could not quite take the rough fellow seriously—who ever heard of the elements choosing mortal for bride? Nor could she forget those sweet hours with her royal lover, so one day when her mother and father were absent from the mill she sent for the king's son.

Joyously the two greeted one another, but just as the prince stooped to kiss her hand, suddenly the whole mill shivered and everything within—heavy chairs, thick tables, even the great grain-hopper itself—trembled like a leaf. Griete and the prince began to spin like tops, faster and faster and faster. They grasped each other's hands but still they spun; from all about came the creakings and crackings and groans of battered wood, while above the tumult a voice like thunder roared

"My bride has betrayed me and I will be avenged."

Try as they would, the girl and her prince could not escape the fury of the wrathful Wind. There was no safety in the mill, no safety in the town, no safety on the shore of the sea whose waves were lifted up by Griete's vengeful lover and cast violently upon the shore.

And while the storm raged, sweeping everything before it, the miller-maid, the prince and the mill were lifted high in the air in a whirlpool of wind and hurled towards the clouds. But they still clasped hands so firmly that their angry avenger could not separate them, and to this day, it is said, the two lovers still float high above the windy plains of Flanders.

Ever since, when storms rage along the river Lys, good women cross themselves, remembering the vengeance of the wind against his lost bride.

THE TWO LOVERS STILL FLOAT HIGH OVER THE WINDY PLAINS OF FLANDERS

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Mrs. Willebrandt

(Continued from Page 1008)

these performances her manner is appealingly feminine, with a persuasive note in it which is very funny to those who know the real Mrs. Willebrandt. At other times, however, her weapons are more direct. During Daugherty's trial on conspiracy charges Mrs. Willebrandt, though a member of the Government, came to New York as a witness against it, to re-tell her innocent story about Jesse Smith being a valet. The talented Mr. Emory Buckner was the Federal District Attorney conducting the prosecution.

"You say you were appointed by President Harding at the recommendation of Mr. Daugherty?" he asked.

"That is true."

"So you are really one of my bosses, aren't you?"

Her smile widened. "If you mean that I pass on all you do—and approve of it, Mr. Buckner—?"

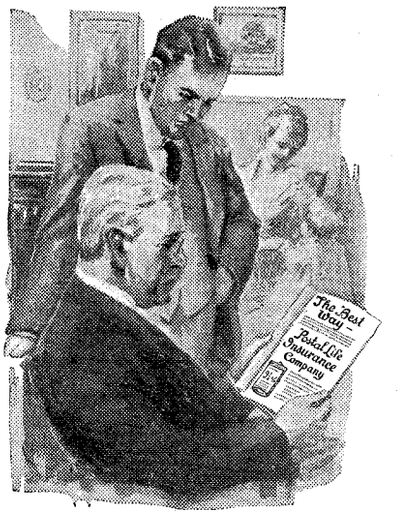
Last month Chairman Work, when pressed for a statement of Mrs. Willebrandt's status, replied, "She is a sort of free lance." In a sense this is true. Her series of night club raids in New York last summer, for instance, were her own bright idea. Staged for the night of the Democratic nomination, they were designed as a sensational piece of anti-Smith publicity, but their transparent strategy irritated New Yorkers of both parties. Like her later activities they caused uneasiness among some of her fellows, and more than mild wonderment.

It is rumored persistently that Mrs. Willebrandt's religio-political addresses are personally distasteful to the Republican candidate. No one, it is true, but an editorial writer for the New York "World" would expect him to "repudiate" her. Yet many people have wondered why he has not hushed her up in private.

As often as she draws angry protests from the East, another Middle Western parson writes in to beg her for a speaking date.

And there are more cogent reasons why the party bosses do not call her off. They are afraid of offending women voters, who will read in her silencing an affront to their sex. But chiefly they are afraid of Mrs. Willebrandt herself. Whatever her passing importance, she is still the female in politics who, like Kipling's cat, walks by her wild lone. Instinct warns the bosses that her party loyalty might crack under a strain noticeably less than that required to warp the allegiance of a

(Please Turn to Page 1045)



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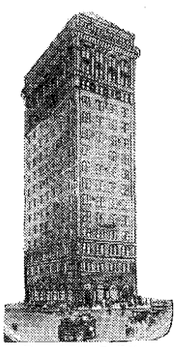

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By WALTER R. BROOKS

Charles Pettit's Elegant Infidelities of Madam Li Pei Fou Horace Liveright

This mock-Chinese tale, with a pattern neither as complicated nor as fantastic as the somewhat similarly keyed stories of Ernest Bramah, is yet easily and cleverly told.

Who shall blame this charming lady for taking as her lover, in the absence of her illustrious but tiresome husband, the handsome scullion, Grain of Rice? True, she risked being cut into a thousand small pieces and fed to the pigs, and her lover tempted an even more painful death. But if she preferred the risk of death to boredom, she did no more than many wiser folk have done. From the moment when he first enters the yamen the education of Grain of Rice proceeds swiftly and most entertainingly to the point where Madame Li Pei Fou discovers to her chagrin that men care little for their pleasures unless they can enjoy them comfortably. Which seems to us to be the ironic moral of this diverting book.

Herbert Adams' Rogues Fall Out Lippincott.

For the first chapter or so we suspected that Herbert Adams was a doting mother, so lovingly did he dwell on the curls, and so carefully did he recount the bright sayings, of the kidnapped Bobbie. But fortunately Bobbie dropped out of the picture after a time and permitted us to be entertained by Jimmie Haswell, the amateur snoop, Snoad the sinister male nurse of old Reuben Maitland, Valerie Cartwright who disguised as a man took Snoad's place after that gentleman was mysteriously bumped off, Plum Duff, the parson who was in love with Valerie and served no fictional purpose otherwise until in Chapter 28 he threatened the villain with a chair, and others too numerous to mention. This tale gets off to a bad start and is rather confused, but there's some excitement at the end. Rated at C plus.

Edgar Wallace's The Clever One Doubleday, Doran

Mr. Wallace owns and operates the largest and best equipped thriller mill in either England or America. He has done for the detective story what Henry Ford did for the automobile. We haven't statistics at hand, but we believe that his output must be considerably larger than that of his chief competitor, Mr. Fletcher. And all this with no sacrifice of quality. If you buy a Wallace thriller you know you're going to be thrilled. Like the Ford, they're standard products with plenty of power, and they'll always run.

This one is the story of one Peter, who married a girl named Jane. Jane wasn't in love with Peter but he had a lot of money. Pretty soon she discovers that he has a habit of going around and murdering people in his sleep, and later that he is probably a counterfeiter. This worries her quite a lot, but Peter turns out to be so darn nice that she can't quite believe it's true. Peter's friend, Inspector Bourke, doesn't believe it either. And you know what happens after that. Exciting, and Mr. Wallace has a sense of humor.

Don Marquis' When the Turtles Sing Doubleday, Doran

We must confess to sharing Mr. Clem Hawley's enthusiasm for the life of them old time peetryarchs the Good Book speaks of. They "was big and liberal in their elements and idears. They figgered that life was too short to waste it all in work. Eat, drink and be merry, says they, for in five or six hundred years mebbe we're gonna die. We're here today, they says, and gone in a few centuries; let's whoop her up while the whoopin's good!" That is a philosophy we approve of, and no one has put it better than Mr. Hawley. That is perhaps why we prefer to the other stories in this volume the three told by Mr. Hawley. They are good stories, but their real value lies in the asides and the comments upon life with which their narrator interrupts them.

But there is gorgeous humor in anything that Don Marquis writes, and you can scarcely fail to be carried away by the wild gusto of the tale of Tim O'Meara and Mrs. MacLirr, the lady whale, on whose back Tim used to career about the Atlantic. "And a fine sight it must have been to see Mrs MacLirr and me ancestor, Timothy O'Meara, ridin' a storm—with Timothy singin' and playin' his wild minstrelsy out of his wild heart, and the forked tongues of lightnin' showing the gleeful eyes of Mrs. MacLirr and the floatin' red beard and hair of Timothy O'Meara as they bulged across the boilin' seas." A fine sight indeed. But terrifying. We would prefer to have been present on those moonlight nights when the whales danced to Tim's harping. Or the day when Mrs. MacLirr towed the Mayflower in and beached her at Plymouth Rock.

If you like humor and the wisdom which is deep enough not to take itself or anything else too seriously, you may pass a profitable evening with these stories.

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Mrs. Willebrandt

(Continued from Page 1043)

man. They make rude and angry remarks about the untrustworthiness of women—so different from their honeyed words when the lady voters are listening. It never occurs to them that if a woman in Mrs. Willebrandt's position is less than one hundred per cent loyal, their own grudging attitude might have something to do with it.

There is no question of her loyalty to Mr. Hoover, but there is always the horrid possibility that she will turn and rend the organization. She is known to have collected all the interesting data, about this one and that one, that came her way in the ups and downs of prohibition enforcement; to have filed it all away. If pushed to it she might open her files—and a sad day that would be for certain eminent Republicans!

Any public official who believes in prohibition with the apparent sincerity of Mrs. Willebrandt is an interesting phenomenon in these days. For seven years she has been prominent in the government of a party which has made the bone-dry gesture and, except for her own unpopular efforts, has done little more. Such an experience makes weaker spirits cynical, but not Mrs. Willebrandt.

In her campaign speeches she has drawn, in the bitterest terms, an appalling picture of what prohibition enforcement would be like under a wet President. The picture has good reason to be vivid, because line for line it depicts her own experience of prohibition under a dry President. The true explanation is, I suspect, that she has the capacity for self-deception possessed by nearly all who are touched by fanaticism; the capacity for hermetically sealing the compartments of your brain, so that what you know in one compartment does not affect what you believe in another.

A Woman Voter Thinks

(Continued from Page 1012)

chances of their fulfillment, drain off the bunk, and draw a correct conclusion as to the candidate for whom he should logically vote. But most of us will cast our votes out of prejudice, no matter how deeply that prejudice is disguised under layers of reasons.

Apparently intelligence alone leaves an electorate cold. We had most of the same national problems that today are "issues" when Harding was the Republican candidate, we had them when John W. Davis was the Democratic choice. But no one got really excited about those elections. This year neither prosperity nor platitudes are thick

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enough to keep people slumbering. A Catholic is seeking election, a man from Tammany Hall, a New Yorker born and bred. And opposing him is a man from California, a wealthy engineer who ordered us to eat bad flour and butter substitutes during the war, a friend of bankers, and a man who was (they say) offered a title by England.

The personalities, the backgrounds, the achievements, the expressed beliefs of these opponents touch off prejudices as a torch touches off pitch pine. East vs. West, religion, prohibition which has snarled itself up somehow with morality, social position, culture, ways of wearing hats and pronouncing words, the white hair of one wife and the earrings of the other—prejudices flourish around all of them. And when well-meaning people try to insist that the basis of a vote must be calm, unbiased judgment, they find outlet in anonymous postcards, radio messages from unknown sources, and all the curious rustle of a "whispering campaign."

The more fortunate by-products of prejudice come from a renewed interest in government. For the first time in eight years the nation seems a vital thing about which people are inspired to think. Just as in the old days it was not enough to be prejudiced about government, so now it is not enough to be intelligent about it. If popular government is to continue to live, it requires an intelligent electorate deeply prejudiced in its favor.

Moscow, Mexico and Morrow

(Continued from Page 1011)

Ambassador Morrow is running the Embassy on personal lines. Until recently, Mexicans say, Ruben Clark, Jr., and George Rublee, private citizens who had offices at the Embassy, were the advisers of Ambassador Morrow, through whom the Embassy dealt with President Calles and other officials of the Mexican Government. The regular staff of the Embassy is being disregarded and the Ambassador prefers to use the long distance telephone to communicate with New York and Washington instead of the regular means of written dispatches. Ruben Clark, Jr., has recently been appointed First Assistant Secretary of State, while George Rublee remains in Mexico City as confidential agent of Ambassador Morrow.

So close a friendship has developed between Calles and Ambassador Morrow that—Mexicans believe, rightly or wrongly—nothing is done in Mexico without the advice and consent of the Ambassador. Calles and his adherents lend force to such a belief by boasting of certain knowledge that there will be no change in Washington's Mexican policy on account of the coming elections in the United States, because the triumph of the Republican party is assured, and with it the appointment of Ambassador Morrow as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Mr. Hoover.

Much of this may be discounted as gossip or exaggeration, but the fact remains that Ambassador Morrow does influence the internal affairs of Mexico, as is reflected in the press of the United States. The "New York Times," in its Magazine Section of February 5, 1928, says: "Mr. Morrow has taken the burdens of Mexico on his shoulders, *the burdens of internal affairs* as well as those of its relations with the United States."

The conclusion drawn by Mexicans is that Ambassador Morrow is the greatest factor in their troubles. It goes without saying that the unpopularity of Calles is shared by the Ambassador.

Not a long time ago the press reported that Ambassador Morrow was being watched by as great a number of detectives as Calles himself. Further, two men were executed because they were caught placing bombs on the railroad track over which the Ambassador was returning to Mexico from the United States.

Just a few days ago the press reported that Ambassador Morrow had a narrow escape on the road from Mexico City to Cuernavaca, where he has taken a house which he visits every week-end. Bandits or revolutionaries had an encounter with soldiers of Calles a few minutes before the Ambassador passed. Some of the newspapers of the United States reported that Ambassador Morrow was actually within range of bullets.

The Ambassador's personal bravery might be considered laudable were he in Mexico as a private citizen; but as Ambassador of the United States it is hardly fair to either country to court danger, the untoward outcome of which might be unjustly blamed upon the Mexican people, with disastrous results to both countries.

The camouflage of all this turmoil continues to obliterate the fundamental issues, which are:

First, that the "Constitution of 1917" is not the Constitution of Mexico;

Second, that the party in control does not represent the Mexican people, all of which I hope preceding articles have demonstrated.

A final independent article on relations between Latin America, Mexico and the United States will appear in the issue of November 7.

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Toronto Tries Control

(Continued from page 1028)

running business carried on in contravention of the laws of the United States. "It is not at all," he said, "a question of the statute law of Canada or of Ontario. It is purely a question of public policy—that is to say, public policy in the administration of the law by the courts which is essentially different from what may be public policy in the view of the legislature. . . . Public policy in this sense, or policy of the law, has been defined as the principles of justice, morality and convenience applied by the courts in matters concerning which the law is not explicit. Under this doctrine . . . freedom of contract will be restrained for the good of the community . . . where the contract conflicts with the morals of the times or contravenes some important established interest of the social order." He declared the contract void with the statement, "It is for the people of the United States to determine their own laws, and it is for the law abiding people of other countries, including Canada, not to lend aid or comfort to ill disposed persons within their borders in their violation."

The American cynic may say that a Canadian court acted against rum running only when the chickens came home to roost, but the fact remains that a Canadian court has acted, and that in accord with the policy of the Control Board. The problems of that Board would be simpler if the United States were not a prohibition country but, its problems being what they are, it appears to be trying to solve them without complicating those of its neighbor.

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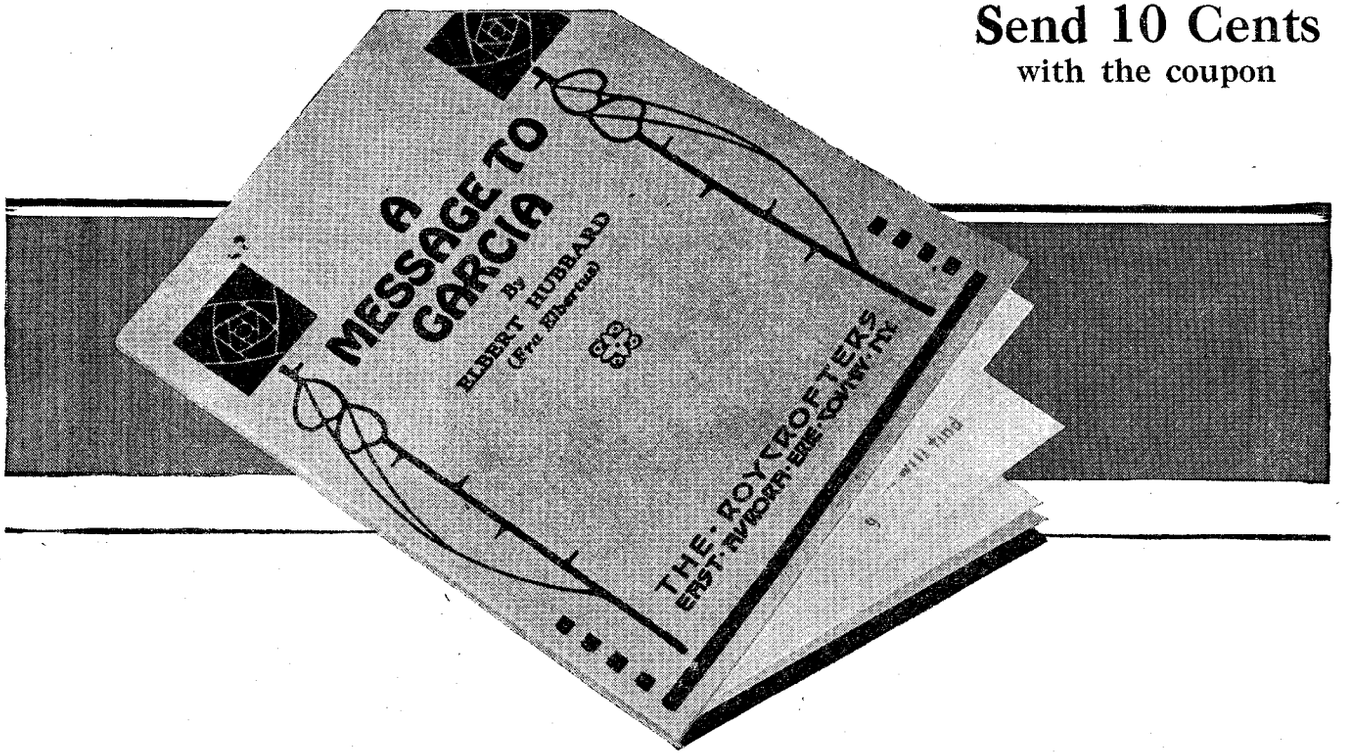

An astounding message that electrified the world

—and stirred men's souls as no other fiery message ever written.

AFTER a trying day spent in vain endeavor to persuade comatose "help" to become "radioactive," Hubbard sat down to supper discouraged and exasperated. The problem of making men act for themselves weighed heavily upon him. What to do?

In the course of a little argument over the teacups, his boy, Bert, made a suggestion. The hero, he insisted, is the man who goes alone and gets there! For instance, that chap Rowan! When we declared war on Spain, he found his way into the mountain fastnesses of Cuba with a message from the President of the United States to the insurgent leader, General Garcia.

It came to Hubbard like a flash! Yes, the boy was right. The hero is the man who sets off by himself and reaches his destination. He got up from the table, went to his desk, and in a single hour wrote "A Message to Garcia."

The March *Philistine* was on the presses, and room was made for the "Message," but its author thought so little of it that he ushered it into the world without even a title!

Within a week of its first obscure appearance, orders for extra *Philistines* in lots of hundreds, even thousands, began to roll in.

"What is stirring up the cosmic dust?" Hubbard asked.

"That stuff about Garcia," he was told.

Hot from the Heart!

"A literary trifle," it was modestly dubbed by its author, Elbert Hubbard, famous Sage of East Aurora.

But his "Message to Garcia" proved to be one of those innocent trifles that are loaded with TNT!

A sincere outburst—"The thing leaped hot from my heart!"—it fired men's souls as nothing in print had ever done before!

George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad wired for a hundred thousand copies, and later issued two or three editions of half a million each!

Prince Hilakof, Director of Russian Railways, saw the little book on a visit to this country and carried it back to Russia, where it was translated and distributed on a vast scale.

40 Million Copies Issued!

On the wings of fame "A Message to Garcia" swept around the world. In Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan, China, Japan and many other countries, it was translated and distributed by millions.

Since its original appearance more than forty million copies have come from the press! A larger circulation than any literary venture ever attained during the lifetime of its author in all history!

The thing is deathless, timeless—a little classic! Its message will be needed as long as society exists. People will read it always because it is an inspiring epic of heroism and because it grips the imagination and fires the heart of every person who opens its covers!

Everybody Should Read It!

There is something in "A Message to Garcia" that appeals to every age, class and condition of humanity. Something that rouses, stimulates, inspires—gives men and women a new understanding of themselves and their possibilities.

This innocent "literary trifle" has built itself into myriads of lives. It has been the cause of heroic actions without number. It has uplifted and refreshed millions of readers.

It says something absolutely vital to every man and woman, boy and girl. It tells you how to live your life to the utmost, how to carry YOUR message to Garcia!

Yours for Only 10 Cents

Elbert Hubbard is gone now, and the appreciation of his genius grows steadily.

A new edition of "A Message to Garcia" has just been prepared. In addition to the immortal message, it contains Elbert Hubbard's own account of how it came to be written, half-tone portraits of Hubbard himself and of the man who actually did carry the message to Garcia during the Spanish-American War. This attractive brochure is further embellished with several of Hubbard's brilliant, characteristic mottoes and epigrams—joyous, inspiring summonses to live more fully and more happily!

All this is yours for only 10 cents! Just 10 cents for a literary masterpiece that has lifted thousands of men and women out of the ruts of inertia, failure and despair.

Simply mail the coupon with ten cents in stamps or coin, and Elbert Hubbard's famous "Message to Garcia" will be sent you by mail at once. But the edition is limited. So do it NOW!

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Sacco and Vanzetti speak for themselves!

The most important evidence is now available—the evidence revealed in these intimate letters written during seven years in Massachusetts prisons.

Sacco and Vanzetti, the shoemaker and the fish-peddler whose execution stirred the world, left behind them a record more eloquent than all the pleadings of lawyers. It is contained in the letters which they wrote to friends from their first arrest up to the very day of the execution. Now, more than a year after their death, the letters have been released and a definitive collection is about to be offered to the public.

Charlestown, Jan. 10, 1921

DEAR ALFONSINA:

. . . I heartily laughed to hear that the finger-nails of the little cat have scratched the Zora's nose, and I continue to laugh every time I think about it. Surely it is a good lesson not only for Zora and other child, but for mankind. The little cat knows very well that it has sharp nails, and that when a little girl molests it, it is enough to scratch a little her nose for be let free. People too has sharp finger-nails, and the noses of tyrants and oppressors is make of flesh too, but it look as tho the people ignored this notion. Oh how much less sorrow and misery would be among the mortals if they know just what a little cat knows. . .

Kisses to the children, best regards to Vincenzo and all those who love me.

Bartolo

A Link in the Evidence

Were they innocent or were they guilty? Disinterested people spent seven years in trying to free them; Governors and College Presidents took sides for and against them. Their friends said: "Men who can talk and act and write as they do *could not* be guilty." Their letters must be regarded as an essential part of the evidence. *You* can be the judge.

Minds in the Making

Whatever you decide, you will find in this volume a human document of extraordinary interest. Sacco learned to write English in jail. Vanzetti, already an educated man, read all the books he could lay hands on, and his mental growth can be traced in the letters. His comments on books and authors, from Proudhon and Kropotkin to Emerson and Beard, are original and shrewd. His command of language grew until an English review, *The New Statesman*, could place him among the masters of modern letter-writing. The intimate pictures of prison life, the comments on men and ideas, the notes on the progress of the case, and above all the touching personal details, give this volume the fascination that can be had only from first-hand sources.

The New Americans

Finally, if you are interested in the making of Americans, you will read these letters with absorption. From just such stuff as this the new citizenry is being made. The letters present the other side of Americanization—the immigrant's side. Their point of view is worth understanding—must be understood—if the adjustment is to be smooth.

International Sponsorship

The volume will be sponsored by a committee made up of some of the world's foremost writers and thinkers, whose names will be announced on the cover. It has been carefully compiled and edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson.

First Edition

Publication early in November. On account of the sensation caused by the Silva confession, it is expected that the first edition will be heavily over-subscribed. You can reserve a copy now by filling out and mailing the coupon. The book will then be delivered to you on publication.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI
Edited by
Marion Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson

Contents

In addition to nearly 300 letters, the book will contain biographical notes, a complete and impartial record of the case, Sacco's and Vanzetti's speeches before the Court, Vanzetti's letter to Governor Fuller, and Vanzetti's last statement. Illustrated with portraits of the men and facsimiles of their handwriting; 384 pages, octavo, cloth bound, gold stamped. Price $2.50

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